



LOAN DESK.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Films, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.** *The Old Bachelor*, by Congreve. (Riverside 3012.) 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Adults (of all ages) Only!
- GRAFTON.** *East Lynne*. (Museum 1424.) 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. A sophisticated revival of the famous melodrama.
- PHENIX.** *Late Night Final*, by Louis Weitzenkorn. (Temple Bar 8611.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Godfrey Tearle, with a first-rate company supporting him, in a dramatic play from America.
- QUEEN'S.** *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, by Rudolf Besier. (Gerrard 9437.) 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Cedric Hardwicke and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. Still running on indefinitely.
- GLOBE.** *The Improper Duchess*, by J. B. Fagan. (Gerrard 8724.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Yvonne Arnaud and Frank Cellier. Farce; also still running on indefinitely.
- WYNDHAM'S.** *The Frightened Lady*, by Edgar Wallace. (Temple Bar 3028.) 8.15. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30. Amusing farce, with patches of puerile melodrama.
- HIS MAJESTY'S.** *The Good Companions*, by J. B. Priestley and Edward Knoblock. (Gerrard 0606.) 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Edward Chapman, John Gielgud and a huge cast in a spectacular and ingenious dramatization of the famous novel.
- STRAND.** *Counsel's Opinion*, by Gilbert Wakefield. (Temple Bar 2660.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Isabel Jeans, Owen Nares, Allan Aynesworth, Morton Selton.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

- Romance of the Indian Frontiers.* By Sir George Macmunn. Cape. 16s.
- Foch, Man of Orleans.* By Liddell Hart. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.
- The Burns We Love.* By A. A. Thomson. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.
- Dinner with James.* By R. Henniker-Heaton. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 6s.
- French Painting.* By R. H. Wilenski. Medici Society. 30s.
- All in a Lifetime.* By R. D. Blumenfeld. Benn. 8s. 6d.
- Robert Louis Stevenson.* By S. Dark. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.
- Emperor and Mystic.* By F. Gribble. Nash and Grayson. 21s.
- Mussolini.* By Sir Charles Petrie. Holme Press. 5s.

NOVELS

- Fish are such Liars.* By Roland Pertwee. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. (Thirty short stories.)
- Hotel Acropolis.* By Drieu la Rochelle. Nash and Grayson. 7s. 6d. (Translation of 'Une Femme à Sa Fenêtre'.)
- Nixey's Harlequin.* Ten tales by A. E. Coppard. Cape. 7s. 6d.
- Queen Sanctuary.* By M. Baillie-Saunders. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
- They Came to the Castle.* By Anthony Bertram. 7s. 6d.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE REGAL.** *Reaching for the Moon.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE LEICESTER SQUARE.** *The Public Defender.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE PLAZA.** *The Viking.* This picture of seal hunting off Newfoundland is out of the ordinary, though the story is dreadfully commonplace.
- THE TIVOLI.** *Bad Girl.* This picture of a year in the lives of two ordinary New York workers in which comedy and pathos are adroitly mixed continues its success.
- THE CARLTON.** *Monkey Business.* The Four Marx Brothers in their latest extravaganza. Very amusing in parts.
- THE NEW GALLERY.** *Hindle Wakes.* The film version of Mr. Stanley Houghton's famous play. Will be criticized next week.
- THE EMPIRE.** *A Free Soul.* Norma Shearer's new picture, which is notable for a very fine performance by Lionel Barrymore. Well directed by Mr. Clarence Brown, but an unpleasant story.

GENERAL RELEASES

- City of Song.* There are many admirable things in this British picture, the scene of some of which is laid in Naples. Betty Stockfield, Hugh Wakefield and Jan Kiepura play the principal parts.
- Tom Sawyer.* The film version of Mark Twain's book with Jackie Coogan in the chief role.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

- NATIONAL (261, 301 and 1,554 metres):**
- Monday, October 12, 6.50 p.m.** Miss V. Sackville-West will give the weekly talk on 'New Books.'
- 7.30 p.m.** Professor Arnold Plant will give the third talk in his series 'How Wealth has Increased.'
- Tuesday, October 13, 6.50 p.m.** Monsieur E. M. Stéphan will give his weekly French talk.
- 8.30 p.m.** The Hon. Harold Nicolson will continue his series 'The New Spirit in Literature' with a talk on 'Changes in the Reading Public.'
- Wednesday, October 14, 6.50 p.m.** Miss Clemence Dane will give the fortnightly talk on 'New Novels.'
- 7.30 p.m.** Continuing his series 'What is Science?' Professor H. Levy, D.Sc., will discuss the question 'Is the Universe Mysterious?'
- 10.20 p.m.** Lt.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon will give a talk on 'The Motor Show.'
- Thursday, October 15, 9.20 p.m.** The fourth talk in the series 'What I would do with the World' will be given by The Very Rev. W. R. Inge.
- Friday, October 16, 6.50 p.m.** Mr. Ernest Newman, the B.B.C. Music Critic, will give his fortnightly talk.
- 7.10 p.m.** Mr. Adrian Boulton will talk about 'Music in Coming Programmes.'
- 7.30 p.m.** Continuing his series 'Learning to Live,' Professor J. Dover Wilson will talk about 'What Education is like To-day.'
- Saturday, October 17, 9.20 p.m.** In the second talk in his series 'The World of Crime' Mr. Edgar Wallace will talk about 'Criminals I have Met.'

NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT is now dissolved, after an existence of two years and a half, and the General Election is to be held on Tuesday, October 27. The campaign will be short, sharp, and bitter, and although Tuesday is not a convenient day for polling, there seems every indication that the total vote will be high.

There will be no "coupons," but some "arrangements" between individual candidates. Except in one doubtful case, members of the National Government will only be opposed by Labour candidates; but the Liberals—at least those Liberals who still follow Mr. Lloyd George—will fight Tory or Labour men, and possibly even those Liberals who have seceded and formed a new organization under Sir John Simon.

Moral and even material support for Liberal candidates who follow Mr. Lloyd George in his now definitely announced opposition to the National Government is promised from Liberal headquarters. Moreover, Liberal candidates of the Lloyd George persuasion are instructed to fight whether there is or is not a Labour candidate, and whether the Liberal Ministers do or do not remain in the Government.

Further, there will be no calling off of Liberal candidates except (a) where previous polls show that the chances of Liberal success are nil; and (b) where the Liberal member or candidate is considered by headquarters to be so deeply implicated in the tariff proposals that he can more properly be supported by another party.

Such is the definite policy of Mr. Lloyd George; it remains to be seen how far it will be successful, and how much damage it will do his party and the country. The Liberal split appears now to be final and irretrievable, and it is clear that any Liberals who are elected to the next Parliament under Mr. Lloyd George's banner will be in effect a rump of the Labour opposition, while Mr. Lloyd George himself will probably be driven to co-operate with the anti-National group and become almost indistinguishable from it.

The concealed political crisis of the past week, which ended eventually in the decision to dissolve Parliament, produced at least one epigram. It was said by the wits that the Cabinet had been spending the bulk of its time lately in finding a formula to which Sir Herbert Samuel could not agree. The phrase was a little harsh, but it speaks volumes as to the party unity behind the National Government.

U.S.A. and Gold Standard

The report reaches me from Chicago that American trade interests dislike the gold policy of their Federal Reserve Banking system, whereby some £1,000 millions of the world's bar gold is heaped up in its vaults, as much as we have

learnt to do of late. And these traders mean to force two things on Washington—early abandonment of the gold standard and the abolition of international war debts.

Efforts are already in progress to induce the Government to attempt to stabilize the pound, now floating like Mahomet's coffin between the heaven of gold and the earth of a managed currency, and to anchor it by "pegging" the dollar exchange at 18s. to the nominal £. This is decidedly premature. Anyway, it immediately goes far to neutralize the momentarily beneficial effects of the £ at 16s. or so, which we now enjoy abroad.

Spain

Is the tide beginning to turn in Spain? Last Sunday the young Marqués de Estella, son of the dead Dictator, polled no fewer than 28,000 votes at a by-election in Madrid as a Monarchist, despite the fact that he had never taken any previous interest in politics. Of course he did not win the seat (the Republican authorities saw to that), but the poll is significant, especially as several other Royalist candidates have lately done well in districts where a few weeks ago no supporter of the Monarchy could get a hearing.

Meanwhile, the death of Don Jaime will go a long way to strengthen the position of the Alfonsists, for the dead Pretender's uncle need not be taken very seriously. Five years was the Republic's expectation of life as given by those best qualified to express an opinion when it was first established, but it looks now as if that were an overestimate, though everything depends upon how far the growing disorder in the larger centres spreads, and so far the new regime has signally failed to check it.

A Good Example

Lord Sankey has set an admirable example in suspending the customary breakfast of the Lord Chancellor to the Judges and leading lights of the law on the day the Courts of Justice reopen. A champagne luncheon at a moment of such general distress could neither serve justice nor salve the King's conscience. And even where public functions are necessary, a simple repast amply serves the public needs.

School Expenses

Some months ago I appealed to the great scholastic and University authorities to rationalize costs and lower educational fees. I notice now general approval, though the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge still denies that it is feasible. So we were told a year ago, when sane finance begged a halt by the State to new roads or more schools for pedagogues. But parents cannot pay £250 a year for every child from 10 to 21 years of age.

Anti-Semitism in Europe

I am sorry to hear that serious friction is again manifest all over East Europe, and especially in Rumania, resulting in pogroms against the native Jews there. This disease is one that often spreads, and high authority is frankly apprehensive at the possibility of similar troubles in Germany, should her crisis in industry result in financial chaos this month. Lord Reading may be relied on to bear this thought in mind in his Paris talks.

The Guards' March

All honour to the battalion of Guards that volunteered to march from Aldershot to Windsor, in order to save the War Office the cost of conveying it by train; but why cannot troops always be moved by road when such short distances are in question? When the cost of billeting for one or more nights has to be taken into account I quite see that it may be cheaper to move them by rail, but for the life of me I cannot understand why the modern soldier must be spared a march of fifteen or twenty miles.

THE PROBLEM OF A PATRIOT

(After reading the advice given by the politicians and the Press on how to behave in a Crisis.)

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

THEY tell me to economize,
They bid me "spend at home,"
They beg of me on no account
In foreign parts to roam.
They ask me to buy British goods
However dear they are,
It's most important, so they say,
To keep the pound at par.
"Invest in British Industries"
They cry, "we can't afford
In times of Crisis such as this
Our capital to hoard."
They urge me to retain my staff,
They ask me if I can
By any possibility
Take on an extra man.
They bid me tighten up my belt
And hear my country's call,
"Hard times like these," they say, "demand
A sacrifice from all."
My salary they then proceed
To cut down with an Axe,
And to make me feel I'm helping
They increase the Income Tax!

It is so difficult to know
How best I should behave
When they've taken all the money
I could spend—invest—or save.

A Policeman's Blunder

During a recent inquest upon a girl who had met her death by falling from the window of a disorderly house, it was stated that she was a stranger to London, and had asked a policeman where she could stay the night, with the result that she was directed to the place in question. The coroner's jury returned an open verdict, but the evidence pointed to the fact that she had jumped from the window in fear of an assault.

Now, I have no knowledge of the case apart from what appeared in the Press, but on the face of it there would appear to be something seriously wrong when a policeman recommends a strange girl to spend a night in a brothel. If he did not know the character of the house in question, it was his business to have done so, and, in any event, the police should be provided with the names of respectable hostels to which they can direct girls in such circumstances.

The Expanding Universe

The discussions which have followed the meeting of the British Association on the new scientific theory of the expanding universe are more interesting than intelligent, and they reveal clearly enough that we do not yet know enough about the recesses of space to dogmatize on the subject. It is only three or four years ago since we were assured on authority that the amount of physical matter in the universe was fixed and limited, and that the universe of space-time was curved and finite.

The doctrine was obviously open to philosophical challenge, if only on the ground that it confused space with the matter that is visible in space, and identified the physical cosmos with the universe, which is by no means the same thing. But the apparent recession at great speed of the nebulae has now shaken the whole scientific basis on which the theory of the limited curved cosmos was based, and we have now to wait for further astronomical discoveries before we can even pretend to construct a theory of the heavens.

Foreign Contracts

Reference to British contracts in the Press reminds me of a conversation I had this summer with a distinguished contractor in his Victoria Street office. His name is known wherever enterprise is called for in the Empire. Figures have their uses, although Sir William Beveridge has defined statistics as figures to use to fool other fools with other statistics. Not long ago my friend employed 110 men in his London office: to-day he employs just 10.

Whereas in spacious pre-war days at any one moment there were thirty-six first-class or million pound contracts in operation in the Empire and Europe among British contractors, to-day hardly four could be counted. And ninety-five per cent. or more of their money cost passes in direct wage payments, or, again, in material, which, of course, is eighty-five per cent a wage charge. The ordinary house provides seventeen and sixpence of every pound it costs in the form of wages for the workmen building it or for the workmen who supply, manufacture or transport its requisite materials.

An Example of the Dole

A League professional footballer recently married. As he was receiving £8 a week, he was able to keep a wife; but the lady was already in receipt of the dole, and since a little extra is always useful for housekeeping, she still draws her private allowance from the public coffers. A grateful State allows this, and Labour officially approves the maxim of "Not a penny off the dole."

THE LLOYD GEORGE NUISANCE

THE General Election has at last been decided on, and the destinies of England are no longer dependent on the convalescent of Churt. Everybody, of course, will regret that Mr. Lloyd George has been ill, but candour compels us to add that his attempt to postpone an appeal to the country until he has fully recovered his strength has done his credit with his countrymen no good. The decline of a great reputation is a melancholy spectacle for gods and men, and it must be confessed that Mr. Lloyd George has done singularly little to merit the esteem or respect of party and the nation since he won the War and lost the Peace.

His unpatriotic attitude at the time of the General Strike would have constituted a national danger had not the motives by which he was actuated been so transparent. He has since kept an administration in office for two years, which came within an ace of plunging the country into bankruptcy, in the hope of postponing the evil day when the Liberal Party would have to face the electorate it is supposed to trust, and in season and out of season he has done his best to encourage the belief that every appeal for economy had no higher motive than a desire on the part of the rich to deprive the poor of their livelihood.

Grave, however, as are these charges, they pale into insignificance when compared with his actions during the past few days, when for his own convenience Mr. Lloyd George has deliberately done everything in his power to wreck the National Government which alone stands between Great Britain and disaster. Every attempt on the part of the Prime Minister, of Mr. Baldwin, and even

of the other Liberal leaders to consolidate a united front against Socialism broke down before the obstinacy of Mr. Lloyd George. In short, because he is too ill to play a prominent part in a General Election, he did his best to ensure that no General Election should take place.

The urgent need for a Government that has a definite mandate, the universal desire on the part of every business man in the country to know exactly where he stands, and the imperative necessity of a clear-cut policy which alone can prevent the pound following the mark (perhaps even prevent England following Russia into anarchy), counted for nothing: all must wait upon the convenience of the invalid of Churt. In the meantime the Government was expected to act as if it were a purely Liberal administration, and that in complete defiance of the wishes of the electorate. Whatever majority there may be in the country is certainly not a Liberal majority, and in any event half the Liberal Party is opposed to the other half; yet the idea seems to have been that the Government of Great Britain must be carried on in accordance with the wishes of the tattered remnant that still follows the drooping fortunes of Mr. Lloyd George.

In these circumstances we are not surprised that the Liberals have become restive and are proceeding to decide their line of conduct and to found a new party organization for themselves. They would be poor creatures had they not done so. Nor are we astonished that Mr. Lloyd George is roundly denouncing such "treachery." But the statesman who torpedoed Mr. Asquith in 1916 is perhaps hardly wise to dwell over-much on the ethics of treachery.

LORD READING IN PARIS

THE Foreign Secretary has been well advised to visit Paris in order to find out both what M. Laval said in Berlin and what he intends to say in Washington. There can, of course, be no doubt that debts and reparations on the one hand, and disarmament on the other, will form the main topic of conversation between the French and American ministers, and that in spite of the desire of the former to keep the two subjects separate. In respect of both the British point of view is perfectly clear, for we have no desire to exact from our debtors more than we are obliged to pay our creditors, while we are prepared to disarm to any extent provided that the other Powers reduce their armaments in like proportion.

The interviews between M. Briand and Signor Grandi at Geneva, the visit of the French ministers to Berlin, the presence of the British Foreign Secretary in Paris, and the coming journey of M. Laval to Washington are obviously preparatory to the meeting of the Disarmament Conference in February of next year. In regard to that Conference serious disagreements still exist, for France has never abandoned her contention that security must precede disarmament, while the Italians, Americans, and ourselves hold that without effective disarmament there can be no security.

How these opposed points of view are to be reconciled is by no means clear, and it may well be, as has already been suggested both in Rome and Washington, that a compromise will be adopted in the form of an armaments truce for a longer or shorter period. This would not, indeed, please Germany, for it would prolong her enforced disarmament, and it is by no means certain that it would prove acceptable to France. But of one thing there can be no shadow of doubt: if the Disarmament Conference meets, and the Hoover truce ends, in the present temper of the Powers there will ensue a crisis incapable of solution save by war or revolution.

Our own domestic difficulties are naturally obscuring the problems that confront our neighbours, but these cannot blind us to the fact that the political position both on the Continent of Europe and in the United States is extremely serious. In addition to the two great questions of debts and disarmament, the internal condition of France and the United States is highly critical, and any prolonged period of unrest in either country would make our own task of recovery infinitely more difficult. In these circumstances, therefore, it is a source of considerable satisfaction to know that British interests are in such competent hands as those of Lord Reading.

THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITAL—III

SOME figures were quoted in the second article last week to show that the decline in capital values is very often a decline in overvalues: some stocks, in fact, like some actresses, first editions, and public dinners, were never worth the price they fetched. But this is only a small part of the general decline in values, which (except in times of boom and panic) are generally not very far away from sound investment principles; and here it is at once evident that the blight of depreciation can affect the best as well as the worst class of investment.

Take an imaginary case. Forty years ago Mr. Jones died, leaving a widow and infant daughter; and being the just made made perfect, he left behind a sum of money safely invested, in Consols, North-Western Preferred, and a great steelworks and shipbuilding firm. All these stocks were then at a premium; but when early in 1931 the widow decided to join her late husband in a better world (where values, it is to be hoped, are more permanent), the now middle-aged Miss Jones found that her Consols are worth less than half her father gave for them. Her North-Western Preference, long since changed into London Midland and Scottish stock, have shown a still further decline; and as for steel and shipbuilding, the record is still more melancholy. Of the £4,187,500 capital of John Brown, £2,625,000 has been written off.

Miss Jones, who is now too far advanced in life to invest in that still more speculative proposition, a husband (a security which resembles premium bonds in offering occasional prizes to compensate for an average low yield), sensibly retires into a small house and reflects sadly on the instability of all temporal rewards. Had the late Mr. Jones put his money on deposit in a bank, mother and daughter would have had only half the income, but the survivor would at least have found her capital intact. At the present moment she would probably have been better off.

It may be said that Mr. Jones guessed wrong. No doubt; but so did almost everybody else. If he had lived ten years longer, then he might have put his money into tea, and bought Lipton's. Would he have done much better? Lipton's capital was written down from £3,250,000 to £1,422,500.

The moral of this unhappy story seems to be that capital resembles the frail princess in the story—the most desirable thing in the world, but unless you watch it night and day it is apt to run away without ringing the bell. The trouble is that in the latter part of the nineteenth century we had come to look upon capital as a permanent thing that stays put and produces the same fruit year after year for ever, and we have not yet educated ourselves out of that misconception. The truth is that capital, like labour, is subject to depreciation, and in almost every case—the exceptions, like the New River Company, are few and far between—it wears out after a time.

Here we strike a real weakness in economic literature. It is a great pity that our professors, who produce so much useless research and so many

theories that every practical man of affairs knows to be mere moonshine, have never worked out a scientific theory as to the average expectation of life of capital through the ages. The whole civilized world badly needs an impartial study of the normal duration and the varying remuneration of capital in different countries and centuries, and the thing could be done, for the evidence exists.

It is scattered through history and literature like the evidence of the progress of life through the geological record, but it has never been collated and compared by a master of the subject with a single eye to the elucidation of the truth. The objection may be made that the conditions and rewards of capital have varied so greatly that no average could be struck that has any significant meaning, but that is simply to prejudice the case for inquiry in advance. It would be necessary, of course, to allow for exceptional enterprises which have paid large dividends and shown appreciation of capital over a long period of years—the old East India Company, the P. and O., and the Cunard are cases in point; but against these must be set the speculative undertakings which have lost and been wound up with loss of interest and capital together. In this latter connexion, it is hardly necessary to do more than allude to the South Sea Bubble and the speculative boom of 1928, when the public was in a mood of absurd optimism that was only cured by long and bitter experience of loss and collapsing values.

Adjustments and allowances would obviously have to be made, and variations in the rate of interest through the ages, recorded from the 48 per cent. which Julius Cæsar and Pompey appear to have been charged by their bankers for the essentially speculative enterprises of conquest to the five, six, or seven per cent. which a well-secured and prosperous modern company pays on debenture or guaranteed preference shares. When these adjustments and allowances were made, it would probably be found (a) that the average life of fluid capital (as distinct from the frozen capital sunk in buildings and estate improvements) is not more than a hundred years, and (b) that its average remuneration is not more than 3 per cent.

This reward of virtue and sound judgment—all capital is a reward of virtue and all interest a reward of sound judgment—is not excessive either from the angle of ethics or economics. If the rewards are less than usual at the moment, it is largely because capital has fulfilled its function too successfully in the past by stimulating production beyond the point at which it is profitable to produce, and when profit ceases, capital collapses for the time being. Like the water in a reservoir, it is constantly being lost, or at least expended on purposes which are not directly economic in the sense that they produce monetary profit; as the loss of water in a reservoir can only be repaired by the intake of fresh supplies, so the loss of capital can only be made good by the accumulation of fresh profits. Where these are to come from does not at the moment appear.

A QUARREL IN VIENNA

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

FOR years Conrad had persisted in urging an Austrian war with Italy. From the end of 1910 he became vehement. Italy, he declared, would be ready for war in 1912. It was folly to wait. Aerenthal rejoined that the Triple Alliance did not fall to be renewed till 1914. Conrad asserted that the alliance was a fraud. But now, seeing Italy compromised and entangled on the Libyan shore, he addressed a lengthy memorial to the Emperor declaring "that Austria's opportunity had come and that it was suicidal to leave the opportunity unutilized." Aerenthal, though patient with his fiery coadjutor, was at length aroused. He wrote to the Emperor that "it was high time the Foreign Minister should remain competent and responsible for foreign policy. The duty of the chief of the staff was to make the military preparations requisite for the various possibilities of war but without any right to influence as to which possibility should arise."

The Archduke, by now hostile to Aerenthal, sustained Conrad's personal position, though he did not agree with his war policy. The full force of the dispute fell upon the Emperor. He had no doubts at all. He saw plainly that Austria's mainstay must be Germany and if Germany did not wish to quarrel with Italy, neither must he. Germany could not afford to estrange Italy. He could not afford to estrange Germany. On September 27 Count Bolfras, by the Emperor's directions, interviewed Conrad. H.M. wishes "to have order and normal intercourse" between Conrad and Aerenthal. Conrad should "write a couple of lines to Aerenthal to say that he regretted that the matter had been thus set forth." Conrad replied that before writing an apology to "the Aerenthal" (*dem Ahrenthal*) he would "rather have his right hand cut off."

He had always been upright and "now in my old age I do not bow myself." The furthest he would come was "if H.M. requires peace between Aerenthal and me, I propose that we say what has been, has been; a line will be drawn under it and the matter is then done with." He added that he had never in his life had to apologize, and that the Archduke had strictly forbidden him to resign. Bolfras, after bewailing the stony path of mediators, reported the conversation to the Emperor, and Conrad carried his tale to the Archduke. On October 8 Conrad handed a further memorial to the Emperor urging military measures against Italy and on the 17th he received a reply in brief and general terms of the sharpest character. "His department," he was told, "was to strive for the utmost readiness for war while the Foreign Minister "in knowledge of the same, conducted his own affairs in accordance with His Majesty's will and in agreement with the two minister-presidents." On November 15 Conrad was received by the Emperor, when the following conversation ensued.

The Emperor, "very excited and very angry," reproved Conrad:

H.M. I say at once, the continual attacks on Aerenthal—these pin pricks—I forbid them.

Conrad. I beg Your Majesty to permit me to state my views as I now hold them; Your Majesty then decides.

H.M. These continual attacks, especially the reproaches regarding Italy and the Balkans which go on being repeated, are directed against me; the policy is made by me; it is my policy.

Conrad. I can only repeat that I wrote down my views just as I arrived at them. Your Majesty can of course mark them "wrong." That is in Your Majesty's power.

H.M. My policy is the policy of peace. To this policy of mine all must accommodate ourselves. My Foreign Minister conducts my policy in this sense. It is indeed

possible that this war may come; probable too. But it will not be waged until Italy attacks us.

Conrad. If only the chances are then still in our favour!

H.M. So long as Italy does not attack us, this war will not be made. We have never had a "war party" at all hitherto.

Conrad. Those whose duty it is to see to it that all is ready if war breaks out, so that we do not come into a difficult situation from the outset, may not utter the word "war," for otherwise they will be accused of belonging to the war party.

H.M. Prepared, one must be.

The Emperor then proceeded to aim a shaft at the Archduke. He criticized the bellicose attitude which the German Crown Prince had revealed to the Reichstag. "That will indeed not happen with us; but there are indications of it."

This stormy audience could but be a preliminary to dismissal. A fortnight later Conrad, again summoned to Schönbrunn, was relieved of his post and transferred to an inspector-generalship of the army. "The reason," said Francis Joseph, "is well known to you and it is not necessary to talk about it."

His Majesty, says Conrad, was pleased to say that our personal relations had become "most friendly," and he had sent for me in order himself to intimate my dismissal, because the direct way appeared to him the best.

His Majesty then paused, in the evident expectation that I should speak:

Conrad. I most humbly thank Your Majesty; I too have always only gone the direct way.

H.M. Then we have both acted alike and we part as friends.

Upon this I was dismissed.

The Ballplatz lost no time in informing the Italians of Aerenthal's victory over Conrad, and all immediate tension ceased between the two allies.

In February, 1912, Aerenthal died. His work was done; he had had a few months of excitement and triumph; he had secured a ceremonial satisfaction for his country; but the price was heavy, and through his own short-sighted sharp dealing, needlessly heavy. He could have gained all he sought far more easily by treating Isvolski like a gentleman. He had invoked the might of Germany against Russia upon a minor question. He had used a steam-hammer to crack a nut. Until 1907 he had followed the cardinal maxim of Bismarck, namely, that every step taken by Austria in the Balkans should be preceded by agreement with Russia. In 1908 he had suddenly discarded this wisdom. He had embroiled Austria and Russia; he had poisoned the relations between the two neighbouring empires who could so readily with mutual advantage have disentangled and cherished their interests in the Near East. He had involved Russia in a public humiliation which the ruling forces constituting public opinion around the Tsar would never forget. He was fortunate not to live to endure the outcome.

Aerenthal was succeeded by the late Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, Count Berchtold, the owner of the château at Buchlau where the unlucky conversations with Isvolski had occurred. Berchtold was one of the smallest men who ever held a great position. His calibre and outlook were those of a clever Foreign Office clerk of junior rank, accustomed to move a great deal in fashionable society. Fop, dandy, la-di-da; amiable, polite and curiously un-selfseeking; immensely rich; magnate of a noble house; habitué of the turf and of the clubs; unproved in any grave

political issue; yet equipped with the all-too-intensive training of a chess-board diplomatist; thus conditioned Berchtold fell an easy prey.

He was allured by the glamour and force of the military men, and fascinated by the rattle and glitter of their terrible machines. We gaze with mournful wonder upon his doubting eyes and his weak, half-constructed jaw; we contemplate a human face in

which there is no element of symmetry or massiveness. We are appalled that from such lips should have issued commands more fateful to the material fortunes of mankind than any spoken by the greatest sovereigns, warriors, jurists, philosophers and statesmen of the past. Berchtold is the epitome of this age when the affairs of Brobdingnag are managed by the Lilliputians.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF GENIUS—III*

By A. WYATT TILBY

THE distribution of genius in Italy follows somewhat different lines from that in both France and Germany. As in France, it is definitely concentrated in the north; as in Germany, it is found mainly in the provincial cities. But there the resemblance ends.

The really curious thing about Italy is that, intellectually speaking, the capital does not count as a source of genius. Unlike France, where Paris outdistances

If the clergy are hostile to intellect, they are certainly stupid. But stupid men would not in any event be likely to have clever sons; therefore the celibacy of the clergy should not be decisive in a test of this kind.

In actual fact the counter-argument is not quite conclusive. No doubt there are intelligent priests and stupid priests in the Roman Church, but it is highly improbable that all the stupid priests are in Rome and all the intelligent priests in other districts. Now the experience of the Anglican and Presbyterian Churches, where a married clergy is authorized, shows a higher proportion of intelligent sons than most other professions. The presumption, then, is that the celibacy of the Roman clergy does deprive the world of a number of useful citizens.

But on no fewer than four other counts the anti-clerical argument will not hold water. In the first place Rome is not exclusively, or even mainly, populated by priests. In the second place the popular Protestant picture of Rome is not historically accurate; at any rate, before the Reformation the capital city was a turbulent democracy rather than a spiritual tyranny, whose people—if we may believe the bitter pen of St. Bernard—were "lofty in promises, but poor in execution."

In the third place there was a similar deficiency of genius in ancient Rome before the Church existed. It is true that many great patrician and plebeian families of the Republic produced famous men of action, and that three or four of the great Emperors were born in or near Rome. But apart from Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, and Titus, only three of the great classical figures out of sixty were actual Romans—it is true that one was the mighty Lucretius—and it is hardly possible to make the anti-clerical effect precede the cause.

And in the fourth place the case of Rome does not stand by itself. Italian genius is conspicuously concentrated in Tuscany, Venetia, and Lombardy, and in those fertile provinces almost every city can boast its celebrity of international fame, and this is true of classical as of medieval and modern times. But a glance at the map shows how steadily the supply of talent diminishes as we go south, and with the single exception of Sicily the lower provinces are almost sterile by comparison. Out of 109 famous Italians, 84 come from a line drawn north of Siena and Rimini, 13 from the Central Provinces, and only 12 from the south.†

If the capital city has produced famous men of action like Gregory the Great and Rienzi, and at least one famous scoundrel like Cæsar Borgia, it has been



every other city; unlike England, where London has produced more than its share; unlike Germany, where Berlin at least heads its State competitors; Rome, the political capital of the ancient world and the religious capital of the modern world, is nowhere in comparison with Florence, the headquarters of Italian art, science, and literature, insignificant in comparison with Venice, behind even Milan, and only on a bare level with Naples. What is the reason?

Good anti-clericals have naturally seized the opportunity to damn the Church; the celibacy of the clergy and the hostility of the priesthood to intellectual liberty are in their opinion sufficient to account for a shortage of genius in the capital of the priests. Unfortunately for this argument the two causes tend to cancel out.

* The third of a series of four articles, of which the first two appeared in the issues of September 26 and October 3.

† The actual figures are Florence 31, Venice 13 (in spite of Macaulay's sneer), Milan 8, Rome 7, Naples 6, Genoa 5; Bologna, Ferrara, Arezzo and Turin 3 each; Verona, Padua, Pisa, Brescia, and Reggio 2 each; Modena, Mantua, Asti, Vicenza, Perugia, Pavia, Aosta, Lucca, Siena, Assisi, Leghorn, and Rimini 1 each, Sicily 4, Calabria 1.

strangely lacking in men of contemplation and research. But the physical and intellectual sterility of the Church which condemned the Neapolitan philosopher Bruno, and burnt him as a heretic in the streets of Rome, can hardly be more than an incidental tributary in a much larger stream of causation.

Let us turn to Spain and Portugal by way of contrast and parallel.

Here it is definitely the north that is sterile of talent, and the centre and south that are fertile: Castile is the breeding-ground of Spanish intellect,

action—Diocletian, Constantine, Julian (the famous Apostate was born in Constantinople), and Justinian, while St. Jerome came from Dalmatia.

The question therefore arises whether we can draw any deductions from these rather confusing and scattered materials. I shall try to show that we can.

The maps and figures in these articles are conclusive on one point: climate has little effect one way or the other on the distribution of genius.

Great extremes of heat and cold, of course, are prejudicial to life and therefore to genius, but the



Andalusia and Murcia are a fair second, Extremadura a very bad third. It was a surprise to me that Aragon had produced no more notable names than Galicia, and that Catalonia was below them both. Area for area, Portugal compared pretty equally with Spain.

But the deficiency of Rome as an intellectual source is not repeated by either Madrid or Lisbon. Madrid leads all other Spanish cities with 13 notable men of genius, Seville follows with 8, then Lisbon 6, Cordova 5, and Toledo 4. The genius of Spain is definitely less urban than that of France, and Madrid has not the mental predominance of Paris; but it stands for more relatively than Berlin in Germany, and Lisbon alone has almost as many famous men to its credit as the city of Rome; while Seville has more.

Outside these four countries of France, Germany, Italy and Spain, it is not necessary to construct maps to show the distribution of genius on the Continent. East of the Adriatic, as east of the Oder, it is so rare as to be virtually negligible. Ancient Greece, of course, is in a class by itself, unique, incomparable, and, unluckily for the whole world, has vanished; but the Balkans have produced only a few great men of

actual differences of temperature in Europe are too slight to make any real difference. In two countries—France and Italy—the north preponderates in talent: in two others—Germany and Spain—the south. A thinker like Kant comes from North Germany, another thinker like Thomas Aquinas from Southern Italy, a third and fourth like Augustine and Plotinus from Northern Africa. Spain produced Moorish philosophers and scientists, but not Christian; it would be ridiculous to hold the climate responsible for either the one or the other.

Secondly, they give little support to the many odd theories as to the effect of scenery or food on character. I have read somewhere, for example, that mountainous countries produce men of imagination and adventurous disposition, and flat lands give birth to mathematicians, scientists, statistical analysts, and similar pedestrian fellows. These things may or may not be true; but there is no evidence in their support from my maps. Copernicus, for example, derives from the flat plains of Poland, and Planck from the dead sea-level of Kiel. But Kepler and Einstein come from the hills of South Germany.

THE FUTURE OF THE THEATRE

By C. B. COCHRAN

IF a play, a musical comedy, or any other theatrical production is really good it will meet with appreciation and success all the world over. Art knows no frontiers. Of course, to a certain extent particular types of theatrical productions appeal more strongly to some races than to others. The Latin countries often welcome enthusiastically a production which does not appeal so strongly to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and vice versa. In each race, as in each individual, there are differences in taste, intellect, outlook and manner, which are reflected in the quality of the dramatic art peculiar to particular communities.

Fundamentally, the public demands of the theatre not merely that it should pander to that public's own particular prejudices, but that it should present a sound piece of dramatic art, entertaining and not merely frivolous. However much those producers who are responsible for providing the public with its theatrical amusements may experiment with novelties and original ideas, these frills are useless unless behind it all there is some basic merit in the piece itself, and proper care has been given to its casting and presentation.

One observes evidences of this in Russia, from which country I have recently returned. There are many things in Russia about which one might talk for hours, but my visit was connected with business, and accordingly I had little time to study general conditions. As far as the Russian theatre is concerned, it seems to me that the theatre there, like the other institutions, is in a state of flux and transition. Russian producers have been and still are experimenting with all kinds of original ideas and fantastic new methods of stage presentation to cater for differing types of mind. They flirt with futuristic fancies and philander with the expressionistic and symbolistic, but despite everything, it was clear to me that they are gradually drifting back to those well-established, tried-and-true, never-failing sheet anchors of the stage—Realism and Romance.

The methods employed in Russia for producing effects, so different from our own, were extremely interesting, but again I say that though they may add considerably to the attractiveness of any particular production, that production stands or falls on the merits. The universal admiration accorded to a good drama, irrespective of incidental ornamentation, is sufficient proof of this. The quality of the acting is important, but a sound play with mediocre acting is far better than a poor play with good actors. It has been proved over and over again, not only in my own personal experience, but by producers in every country and of every kind of show, that the best artists in the world will not succeed in making a bad play into a good one. Within limits the theatre may be made the medium of propagating certain particular ideas; this is what is being done in the Russian theatre, but there is always the danger that the play as such may be sacrificed to the doctrine which it is intended to popularize. A good play will survive a certain amount of political or cultural propaganda, but too much of that kind of thing will kill it. The drama reflects the spirit of the age and the dominant ideas of the time, and in this respect must be regarded as a vehicle of contemporary thought, but the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment succeed or fail on their own merit.

However depressed industrial conditions may be, it is a well established fact that a drama of merit, properly produced, with reasonably good actors, will always find a good public. Much has been said in recent years about the competition of the Talkies, and it is suggested that they are adversely influencing the popularity of the theatre. On the contrary, the theatre

and the Talkies are two distinct non-competitive forms of entertainment. Each has its own followers and class of audience, and indeed, as far as I am able to judge, the Talkies, far from emptying the theatres, seem to be creating a growing demand for the stage proper. One has only to look at the number of new theatres which have sprung up in London's West End in the last few years. Despite the trade depression, and the popularity of wireless and various other forms of amusement, there never was a time in my experience when there was a larger potential theatre-going public and when producers were so optimistic and so full of confidence in the future. The fact that in London several plays have failed recently means nothing. Those who cater for the theatre-loving public are showing initiative and energy in putting over new ideas and trying out unknown and unrecognized writers. It is a sign of virility, not of decadence. Let mechanical entertainment flourish as it may, no matter how perfect it can never oust the real thing, which has had a faithful public for thousands of years, and which is now being recruited even from the ranks of the talkie adherents.

A SATURDAY DICTIONARY

NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY

An individual is said to be bankrupt when his expenditure has exceeded his income for so long a time that his cash and credit are both exhausted. What is true of the individual is also true of the group—whether it be family, tribe, county, nation, or State—with this difference, that the group being a more complex organism, it is subject to more complex conditions of continuance and survival.

A nation is sometimes popularly described as bankrupt when the Treasury is empty, or the Budget shows a deficit. In fact it is not so, any more than an individual is bankrupt when his pocket happens to be empty, provided he has a credit balance at the bank. It is obvious that the nation, like the individual, in such cases has large reserves on which to draw, and temporary embarrassment may be consistent with perfect financial health.

A condition of national bankruptcy is only reached, firstly, when the system of taxation is so unsound, through exemptions and privileged exceptions, that there is a steady and continual deficiency of the national income against national expenditure; this occurred during the French Revolution, and the bankruptcy of the nation is not inconsistent with the wealth of many of its individuals. Secondly, when there is a steady and continual excess of national expenditure over national income; to cure this by fresh taxation is no true remedy, since it involves the impoverishment of the individual—the real remedy for this particular disease is economy. And, thirdly, a nation is bankrupt when its purchases from abroad exceed its exports so greatly and for so long a time that its cash and credit are exhausted. The true remedy for this, the most serious form of national bankruptcy, is increased production at home.

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THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

IS RESTLESSNESS AN EVIL?

BY OSBERT BURDETT

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE

YES: for restlessness is the condition of the Devil. If you prefer a daily newspaper to poetry you will never understand the 'Book of Job,' Lyons' Corner Houses, the Parables in the New Testament, or Selfridge's shop. The Devil, mentioned by name in the first and third of these, does not need to be mentioned in the second and fourth, where he is taken for granted. In 'Job,' his occupation is restlessness: "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it"; in the first and third Gospels the person who "walketh through dry places" (under cover, in some big Corner House or shop) "seeking rest" who "findeth none" is an "unclean spirit"—one that not all the soaps, and the lavatories, and bath-salts of an inferno, being material and external, avail to cleanse. To watch the restless women oozing in and out of the ugly bronze doors of Selfridge's is to think of the gates of Hell; and, in so far as these have been set up while the really lovely *Porte de l'Enfer* by Rodin remains unused for its original purpose, here the gates of Hell have prevailed, momentarily. Because there is nothing for the soul in these places, there is no rest in their ironic "rest-room" itself. The "rest-room," however, admits the state of restlessness in the spot and in the people. It confesses a need. Why are (almost) all of us in this pitiful, and quite unnecessary, plight?

Not because we live in a crowded, mechanical age; for you need not have, at home, a telephone, a car, a penny paper, a typewriter, a wireless, unless you like. The man who is a voluntary slave to a machine does not deserve sympathy. It is silly to look to circumstances for the explanation. This lies in yourselves, your—for I am not a restless person. The air I breathe is peace; my home is quiet; my life spent in literature and leisure. For this I have (too willingly) been indifferent to riches. By this it is seldom I wish for any society but my own, an own (as with all writers) that is two-fold: a tiresome little ego and one or other of the Muses. Not in circumstances but in character is the source of restlessness: in character to which all circumstances are leaves before the wind.

Restlessness does not mean not keeping still. It is a disease of the soul, not of the body. At work we like, at play, the mind, body, or both together, are active, but there is rest also because the soul is at peace. Even in crisis, from the depreciation of the pound sterling to martyrdom at the stake, the soul may be quiet if the virtue, technically called detachment, has been cultivated. I have enjoyed poetry in the Tube, have written contentedly in the racket of machinery, have lost (as last August) every penny I had at the port of the country whither I had gone, without turn-a-hair. If restlessness is a defect of character, if rest is possible even in pain, an act of faith (which is the will in action) can recover quiet. The sole value of restlessness is to provide an obstacle to be overcome, for the strength of that which we overcome passes into us. Therefore, to seek peace and ensue it is just as simple as ever. The soul is at the mercy of nothing earthly, but itself. The cure for restlessness is religion.

True, in these days, to find religion is to discover that "Easy path so hard to find" that Coventry Patmore, and the great thinkers whom Patmore had assimilated, have always, honestly, called it. But, since religion is a primary need of Man, each of us has the vital impulse toward it. Restlessness is the condition of those who have taken the wrong road.

"It is better," wrote John Stuart Mill, "to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied; better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied." Of course it is. If our ancestors had not been restless, we should not now be worrying about the Gold Standard, it is true, but only because we should still be on the Ape Standard, sitting up in the trees throwing coco-nuts at each other instead of reading Mr. Osbert Burdett's faultless English in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The arguments in favour of restlessness are legion, but perhaps those drawn from history are the strongest. The nations that have contributed most to the civilization of the world have always been the most restless. Where would the placid Anglo-Saxons have been if first the Normans, and then the Irish and Scots, had not galvanized them into activity? Were there ever more restless peoples than the Greeks and Romans? Yet all the culture in the modern world that is worth the name is derived from them. The Chinese, on the other hand, preferred, after a time, to eschew adventures, with the result that from that moment their civilization became static. It is impossible for a nation to be both quiet and progressive for long, for unless it becomes restless again it will inevitably stagnate. "Live dangerously," is Mussolini's advice to young Italy, and he is right. "Safety first" is but a counsel of despair. Which are universally admitted to be the great periods of history, the restless or the peaceful? The Renaissance, an era of intense activity in all directions, was surely more notable than the placid eighteenth century. Of course, restlessness for its own sake is to be condemned, but not too hastily, for it is more likely to be creative than placidity. Periclean Athens was more restless than the same city in the days of Hadrian, but there can be no question which was its greater period.

As with nations, so with individuals. Julius Cæsar liked, it is true, to have fat and contented men about him, but he himself was neither the one nor the other. No really great man has ever been anything but restless, for otherwise he would never have become great. It was restlessness that spurred on Galileo, Newton, Jenner and Lister, and distinguished them from the other scientists and doctors of their day. Ruskin once wrote that "there is no part of the furniture of a man's mind which he has a right to exult in, but that which he has hewn and fashioned for himself." No one, I suppose, would seriously question this proposition, yet it is impossible to imagine a self-satisfied, complacent type of individual acting upon it.

Take, again, one's own friends. Is it the easy-going fellow, who is prepared to accept life as he finds it, who contributes most to the common stock? Of course not. He may be a pleasant enough companion for a round of golf, or over a bottle of port, but he gets neither himself nor anyone else very far. The failures of the world may be deserving of pity, but they do get in the way, and in nine cases out of ten they have failed because they took things far too easily. We could all name plenty of people in the circle of our immediate acquaintance who have not made any progress simply because they are fools satisfied.

Then, again, people who are restless, so long as they do not push it to extremes, are certainly the most pleasant. The heavy, unambitious man or woman is neither useful nor entertaining. We had all rather pass an hour with Becky Sharp than with Amelia.

[The argument from biology suggests that the active and therefore restless types are more progressive than the peaceful and contemplative.—ED.]

VERSE

NETTLES

By JOHN PUDNEY

PROUD crowned heads,
a hundred nodding kings
without any subjects
because of their stings,
standing by the roadside
covered with dust,
they sway there proudly
because they must.

I wouldn't be king
with the dust so thick,
when children passing
behead with a stick.

THE ROAD TO MORAR

By L. A. G. STRONG

WITH twenty finches on my right
I climbed the eastward hill.
The company was quick and bright,
Not one of them sat still.

They flew beyond, and perched, and dipped
From sudden stop to stop,
Kept close, but would not be outstripped,
Until I reached the top;

When in a flirt of brilliant wings
Their undersides that showed,
The flock of small inconstant things
Had left me to my road.

A SUNFLOWER IN A BOWL

By MOLLY HUNT

A VISION of golden light, she lay
Mirrored in crystal waters gay,
And little purple daisies spread
Their golden fingers round her head,
The last of the golden cups to bring,
A goodly gift from the Autumn-King,
Robed in amber, with purple hem,
And gold red leaves for his diadem.

No longer she'll toss in her windy bed,
Whenever her King shall shake his head,
Or shake the rain from her matted hair,
But, lying so still in the black bowl there,
She'll dream that summer has yet to run,
And take the lighted lamp for the sun,
The singing kettle for wind-swept trees,
Or the drowsy hum of the honey-bees.

AUTUMN

By J. M. DENWOOD

UPON a pine tree in the sunset's glow,
With bosom flame-flushed, tremulous, intense,
A robin o'er the valley pipeth—"Hence
The Autumn's gold must yield to Winter's snow."
Late loit'ring swallows hover, to and fro,
Through haze of insects by the shelt'ring fence;
And in the woodland hollows, deep and dense,
The pheasant wakes the echo with its crow,
And all the hill-slopes blaze with yellowing fern,
Whence curlews wail in wild flight to the shore;
For Spring is gone and summer is no more.
Now Autumn wanes, as Winter must in turn,
And my soul doth for fuller knowledge yearn
Of the dim path I too must travel o'er.

ADAPTATION FROM LANDOR

By SETON PEACEY

I STROVE with all, finding great joy in strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art.
With both my hands I fanned the fires of life;
They rise; and I am ready to depart.

THE HIDDEN POWER

By GEO. D. FARWELL

MAN is an Organ through which God's music flows
From some 'tis soft, from others loud;
From some come strains inspired on Inner planes
Bringing to those that hear an inward peace;
And oh! how many bravely give forth tunes
That thrill the soul and oft do rend the heart,
Each an expression
Of evolving Consciousness.

LULLABY

By O. Y.

MAKE my day night, my beloved,
By sitting upon my knee!
Mine eyes by your light are gloved:
My sight by your touch set free,—
That touch, I mean, which closes
My lids with excess of sight
When your lip—a drawn curtain—discloses
The Light that is drown'd by light.

Sit, then, with your arms around me,
Silent and still, a child;
With speechless Love confound me,
By touch from thought beguil'd:
Beyond all sense and seeming,
A babe upon love's breast:
Awake, in deepest dreaming;
Content, on the lap of rest.

SWAN SONG

By IRENE HAUGH

ONCE I heard it said a swan was seen
Pass alone at night along the Liffey,
Pass like a white streak from beneath the bridge
When night and quiet were upon the city.

When gulls and curlews were at rest you went
Alone. On what dark journey did you go
Leaving all companions, to unknown
Ways in the rain and against the river's flow?

Was it, Swan, because you bore a song
Swelling in your long white throat, you passed
Happily hurrying upwards toward the valley;
Was it thus to sing and sing at last?

And tired to death to lean your wings against
A slimy wall, to sing in this strangest mood,
To droop down as a dancer does and fall,
To die in ecstasy and solitude?

I heard it said from darkness into dark
You came and went, and as a vision flew
Suddenly and swiftly though the mind of One
Who stared, guessing and making question on you.

TRADITIONAL DISHES OF THE SOUTH-WEST

By F. WHITE

Miss White is the Founder of the English Folk Cookery Association, of which Lady Gomme is now the President. She has for many years been searching the countryside in order to rediscover traditional British Cooking.

The results of her enquiries have been compiled into a Gastronomic Map, which now contains over 3,000 folk recipes. We propose to publish a further selection of these recipes in the next and subsequent issues.

At the "Plough Inn," Cheltenham, famous in coaching days, where Scott and Dickens used to put up, they had a custom as late as 1928 of always including one genuine English dish on every bill of fare. The "George Hotel," Glastonbury, and the "Lygon," Broadway, Worcestershire, still do this, and many other inns are following their example.

One Saturday at the "Plough" I remember, they served Tripe and Onions as an item for dinner; at another time at luncheon Apple Cobs were featured. Cobs, you must know, is the name given to baked apple dumplings in Worcestershire, Herefordshire and Gloucestershire.

Apple dumplings are popular in these counties; at the Annual Sowing Feast held at Aldsworth towards the end of April a boiled chine of bacon and dumplings is the traditional dish, and a Gloucestershire woman told me that when she was a girl, some fifty years ago, her mother, a farmer's wife, used to boil them in a very long narrow bag resembling a sleeve.

She slipped in one at a time, tied it round, slipped in another and kept on till the bag was full and she had a chain of puddings. Then she filled another bag in the same manner. They were placed round and round in a large boiler with the chine in the middle. Gloucestershire bacon and hams are particularly good, especially those in the Forest of Dean, but few reach London except as presents, the best being consumed in the country.

The chine of bacon is as famous in Gloucestershire as it is in Lincolnshire; it is especially eaten on Mothering Sunday, at Easter, and at Christening Feasts, so much so that it is frequently called the Christening Chine.

Another good Gloucestershire dish is Farm House Stew, made as follows from the tougher parts of beef:

Cut the meat in pieces, dip each piece in vinegar and put it into a stew pan without any water. Cover with a lid and stew gently for four hours. At the end of the second hour add some sliced onion, carrot, pepper and salt. There will be plenty of rich gravy and the meat will be deliciously tender and not a bit overcooked. One or two skinned tomatoes added with the other vegetables are an improvement, and the gravy should be thickened with a little flour just before serving. Snippets of toast are the correct addition to this dish.

But I must spend no more time in Gloucestershire although I would like to talk about Gloucester's Royal Lamprey Pie, the elvers at the mouth of the Severn, the salmon, shad and lampreys of that river and the silver bream that are caught in August at Sharpness Docks, and a host of other good things.

In Bath I found the tea cake known as Sally Lunn almost forgotten, though Bath Buns are still popular. Sally Lunn was a pastrycook in the days of Beau Nash, who used at first to take her hot cakes round to people's houses in a basket covered with a white cloth, but afterwards they were sold in Spring Gardens to the fashionable crowd when they strolled there after drinking the waters in the Pump Room.

Sally's shop was in what was called in the days of Beau Nash, Lilliput Alley, but is now named the North Passage. The right way to serve a Sally Lunn is to split it directly it comes from the oven into three slices and spread each thickly with scalded cream, called in London clotted cream. And here is a quaint recipe for this dainty:

Take 1 pint of milk quite warm and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of thick small beer yeast. Put them into a pan with sufficient flour to make it as thick as batter, cover it over and let it stand till it has risen as high as it will, that is about two hours. Add 2 oz. of loaf sugar dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of warm milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter rubbed into 1 lb. flour very finely, then make it into a dough and let it stand for half an hour. Make up into cakes and put them on tins, not in them. When they have stood to rise, bake in a quick oven. (1 oz. compound yeast creamed with sugar and added to warm water may be used instead of small beer yeast.)

Solid Syllabubs are another West Country delicacy, as well as Devonshire junket and cream. They can be made by putting $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of orange and lemon juice mixed into a large bowl; and sufficient castor sugar to sweeten it, then pour into it $\frac{1}{4}$ pint or 1 gill of thick cream. Beat up with a wire whisk till the mixture is thick and frothy and put into glasses. Syllabubs should be made the day before they are to be used.

During the hunting season the favourite Exmoor dish on the border of Devon and Somerset is Irish Stew. The secret of making this is to add as little water as possible, only just enough to prevent the stew browning when the meat is first put in. The following are good proportions:

1 lb. onions, 2 lb. mutton, 4 lb. potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, pepper and salt. Cook 2½ hours. The result should be a delicious purée of potato and onion thoroughly blended, in which tender mutton chops are embedded. No liquid must be running about the pot. The longer it cooks the better it is; 2½ hours is the minimum. That is why a pot is kept on the hob in country-house kitchens when the Devon and Somerset staghounds meet in the neighbourhood. There is always a plate of this hot delicious stew when anyone drops in.

At Tiverton cricket teas, Blundell School boys revel in rich plum cake on which they like to pile thick scalded or clotted cream. Chudleighs spread with cream and strawberry jam are another feature of these teas. They resemble Ashburnham cakes and Cornish splits.

Bacon fried with slices of apple is a favourite Somersetshire breakfast dish, and in Devonshire the potatoes left from dinner the previous day are always fried with the bacon for breakfast.

In Cornwall saffron cake and saffron buns are the great delicacy, and of course pasties. Here is an excellent recipe for the latter, which hails from St. Ives:

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 3 oz. lard or dripping rubbed into the flour, a pinch of salt, water to make a firm dough. Roll out fairly thin, cut in squares. Chop finely $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. fresh steak and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. fresh liver, mix together with

seasoning. Slice thinly some uncooked potatoes, a large onion, a medium turnip, a large or two small carrots. Mix the vegetables and season.

Put a layer of vegetables on half of each piece of pasty and some of the chopped meat on top, damp the edges of the pasty, fold the other half over and pinch up the edge. The important thing is to close the edges neatly and closely, so that no steam escapes, and to use raw meat and vegetables. The contents cook in their own juices, so after the first few minutes they require a very moderate oven for about an hour. These ingredients make two large or three medium-sized pasties.

At Devizes I found Frumenty is still made for Mothering Sunday, and very good it is; there is also a traditional Devizes Simnel made star-shaped; and the hot

currant lardy cake for which both Wiltshire and Dorset are famous may be bought in the town and will be found particularly well made.

At Frome Catherine cakes are still made for St. Catherine's Fair, although at one famous shop they can no longer be bought, the old baker having died.

Warminster is famous for its meat, and in the spring lamb's tail pies and stews are the great thing to expect or ask for. Dorset is renowned for its knobs, cheese and butter, and its Portland cake, a perfect example of an English dough cake. There are also plenty of lobsters off this coast and the South Coast of Devon. Hampshire is noted for its strawberries, and the grayling in the Itchen, which can be fished during the close season for trout and salmon. And now unhappily my space is finished, but not my list of West Country delicacies.

THE SENSATION

By JOHN HEYGATE

NEITHER driver nor fireman said anything till they were through the steel-blue lights of the London traffic area: until the engine had elbowed its way through suburban stations and the deep shuddering of the footplate had swelled into a momentous onslaught. Milk cans and derelict trolleys fled away on shadowy platforms.

At the terminus the driver had been too busy with his oil-can and the fireman with the needle in the steam-pressure gauge to notice the petrol trolleys which dodged the gates and accelerated up the departure platform. Bundles of news were swung into the six slim coaches. Red and orange motor-vans braked and backed down against the No. 1 platform edge. News, checked and weighed in hundred-weight: damp, hot news, with a smell like new bread, was piled high on the crazy trolley cars.

The six slim coaches stood bursting with the previous day's news, when the guard looked at his watch—1.50—gave the right away and composed himself for the 240 miles non-stop. The guard opened a folded copy of the evening paper. The new morning papers, bound in poster strips, lay quiet within the slim, long mail-vans.

Now the driver loosed hold of the regulator, and sat crouched on his seat and looked calmly through the cab window at the fast flying signal lights. There was no sound of the following coaches. The train ran through darkness. Then a ball of green light sprang out of the darkness and was gone. The engine shook itself into an even tremor. Platform curves cut away fewer and faster. The green lights sprang in a steady succession out of the blackness.

The needle of the steam-pressure gauge lay quiet around the 220 mark. The fireman ceased stoking, threw down his shovel, and hung himself on the cab rail. He called the signals back over his shoulder. A bell rang in the cab, and the driver eased the regulator. The vacuum brake hissed, the needle fell. Far ahead a red light changed to green, the driver sat back again, and the fireman, throwing up the firebox flap, spread a shovelful of damp coal across the furnace. On the footplate the coal dust rolled itself into brittle dancing bubbles.

Across the river the air was fresher. The fireman commented on the night. Black as black, but a fine night, with a wind heading her as the river country broke into downland and the deep cuttings rose and fell and stretched level with the plain. When the race-course came in view, there was moonlight showing through the clouds, and the pile of the Grand Stand and the new Totalisator flashed by very solid looking.

Further out the white railings of the course went away more slowly. The ghosts of past favourites were supposed to run there when the moon was full, but he'd as soon back a rank outsider as a ghost, said the driver. Funny, he'd never yet seen the course in daylight, commented the fireman. He strolled over the footlight and loosed the peg of the water-scoop handle. He unspun the water-scoop and watched the gauge float climb two thousand gallons in a few seconds. A streak of water lay troubled after the train's passage.

A long bank lay before them, and for the first time they felt the pull of the following coaches. With gloved hand, the fireman threw up the firebox flap and stoked without a pause to keep abreast of the fierce furnace blast, while sparks from the chimney shot out and fell into the country. The summit of the long gradual bank seemed a precipice, looking down the line. In an instant they were astride the summit, and the engine ran smooth over a moonlit plain, sweeping in gentle curves around the spurs of the uplands.

The fireman watched the legs and body of the distant White Horse flatten out and twist themselves into a grotesque perspective. He had an idea some ancient Britons had fashioned his White Horse, and with a kind of pride he noted its passage. The countryside seemed very cold and secret compared with the heat of the shuddering footplate, and he turned from the flowing night air and fell to spraying the mountain of coal, which collapsed from time to time on the floor of the tender. The driver sat quite motionless. The roof of the first of the following coaches rose above the coal in the tender.

The first stop occupied two minutes. A few men appeared on the silent platform and threw bundles of news on to trolleys. The guard watched them, yawning. In the quiet night the wheels of the trolleys made a harsh, rasping sound. As the engine drew out of the town, a few yellow windows shone where someone was already getting up, or going to bed. Funny how a town never sleeps, commented the fireman. But the driver seemed not to care.

It was raining at the next stop and nothing was said as the news bundles were hurried away to shelter. Heavy drops of rain hissed on the boiler. The fireman was as glad to be off again as the men who seized the news bundles and vanished from the dripping platform. He stoked with extra vigour, throwing the coal right back in the furnace, and glancing sideways at the driver. The rain blew at them and streamed over the face of the cab windows. Every now and then the driver cleared his view with

a stroke of the windscreen wiper. He sat, a little pressed into his window space, as if hypnotized by the unending flow of signal lights. His left arm lay forgotten on the regulator. They had had one check only since leaving London.

The wind freshened and blew salt at them, striking at new angles as the train swept the rock contours of the coastline. It was quite black except for the signal lights, but the fireman knew by instinct where the tidal river became the estuary, and the land broke away on either side to form the sea. As the wind freshened, white scratches appeared to eastward, and the noise of waves could be heard against the embankment.

The fireman fancied he could see a light rising and falling through the darkness. Now the gale was heading them, and it was all he could do to keep the boiler pressure on the 220 mark. With her load lessened, the engine elbowed and fought her way into the wind, clinging to the coastline as if searching for an escape through the black mass of the hillside. Now the overhanging cliff seemed to block their pathway, and the engine cut into a short tunnel of rock and ran around another bay until a fresh cliff appeared above them.

The road played hide and seek with the mountain. The driver drew the cord of the steam whistle and the engine crashed into the tunnel, the smoke driving down at him and striking the plate-glass window at his face. In his van the guard had filled in his logbook and sat rocked by the light-swinging news-vans. The rain squalls scattered across the window panes. He went over to the window and watched the red blast from the engine chimney as the train turned away from the sea. He shook his head at the white-slashed water and settled down again in his cubicle.

The valley was closing in on them. The dark heather slopes came nearer on either side, and the driver leaned his arm on the regulator. There was no wind in the deep cutting, but the engine laboured against the bank. Smoke belched from the chimney; a deeper tremor shook the footplate. The engine had her loins in the mounting gradient. The muscles on the driver's arm were drawn tight. Then a stone wall lay across the hill face, and in a moment they were under the dripping rock mountain, and the wall sides echoing the roar of the engine and the clattering of the following coaches.

Each time the fireman opened the firebox, the glare of the furnace threw their two shadows on to the white smoke streaming overhead. The smoke formed a fast flying roof, through which ran the bricks of the tunnel. It was black ahead of them. The fireman stoked unceasingly. It seemed as if the driver's eyes anticipated the further blackness of the tunnel's mouth. His face was strained into the window. The blackness and the red from the furnace carved his face into sharp angles. The lurch of the straining engine could not shake him. He stood as a jagged rock against the sunset, while the train ran through the mountain.

The tunnel walls grew whiter. But it had been black when they entered it. Now the engine leaped from the tunnel mouth into a grey cutting, which fell away as she breasted the summit, and a cold mist blew at them from the moor. It was almost light and very cold over the moorland. The driver drew himself together, and the fireman was glad to be stoking. The panting of the engine was very sharp and loud in the still, cold morning. The fireman's eyes were ringed with coal-dust; the driver's face was grey.

The fireman, leaning out of the engine cab, remarked that the dawn would soon be coming, but it seemed as if the driver dared not yet release the tension of the moment. Through the mist the green

lights swam paler and more swiftly as the engine ran free on the falling gradient. The six frail news-vans pitched and swung in their wake. For the fourth time the guard opened his creased evening paper, read over the racing results and tossed it into the corner. He felt the grinding of the vacuum brake applied in short touches down the gradient.

There must be half a gale blowing, the fireman commented. Through the clouds a red light coloured the moor and the roof of blowing smoke. The shadows of the two men flickered on the rose-lit smoke. The wind struck at them in gusts and blew the engine's roar with its smoke down the hillside. The first cold had gone, and every moment the heather and trees on the moor took a brighter note. As the engine panted round an elbow of the hill, the sun came through the clouds, and far below appeared a strip of shining water.

The driver left his regulator and came over his own side of the footplate. The angles of his face shone in the sunlight, and his eyes looked out over the falling moor, across the patterned fields and lowland, above the cold grey edge of a city to the water, which merged with the sunrise. The engine gathered impetus. The driver smiled and pointed to the smoke of a steamer. The coaches raced after them. The sun had caught the edges and roofs of the city; a church spire flashed. The driver laid a hand on the fireman's shoulder, then returned to his window. Within a minute the moorland was a mountain behind them.

The fireman threw up the firebox flap and dropped his shovel. The white waves of the vanishing furnace leaped through the boiler tubes. The engine ran smokeless down the hill. Signal lamps grew pale against the daylight; a procession of dipped arms pointed the road through a gathering network of rails and sidings into the smoke of the advancing city. White steam was blowing about in the engine-sheds. They ran through lanes of smoke-backed villas. A handkerchief fluttered from a window, and the fireman, leaning out, waved his cap and shouted. The engine came to rest at the far end of a deserted platform. The station clock pointed 6.20.

The salt wind was blowing scraps of paper about the platform. They appeared to have slipped into the terminus unnoticed. A porter whistled as he made half-hearted attempts to clean up the dishevelled-looking station. The journey over, driver and fireman hung themselves on the cabside, wiping their hands with cotton waste and staring dully across the platforms. It was cold in the wind-swept station. The driver looked grey and very tired. The fireman's eyes looked upwards from blood-red sockets.

The guard, very spruce and genial, was coming up the platform. He nodded and smiled to a ticket collector coming on duty. He handed the driver and fireman a copy of the morning paper from one of the bundles being unloaded on the platform.

"Couldn't get one earlier for myself: you know the rules," he added.

The two men grinned and opened the morning paper.

"Look at this, mate," the driver pointed:

FAMOUS FILM STAR—DIVORCE SENSATION.

"Well, I never," the fireman commented.

Next Week's SATURDAY REVIEW will contain:

*Prelude to Armageddon, by Winston Churchill.

What is Progress? by Paul Valéry.

Are Doctors Worth While? by Quaero.

Traditional Cooking in the Midlands, by F. White.

Intrigue at Tutankhamen's Court, by Dr. Howard Carter.

Distribution of Genius—IV, by A. Wyatt Tilby.

Argument: Should Divorce be Easier?

And a Short Story.

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Reaching for the Moon. Directed by Douglas Goulding. Regal.

The Public Defender. Directed by J. Walter Rubens. Leicester Square.

THE public has been kept waiting a long time for the latest picture of Douglas Fairbanks, and now that it has arrived the disappointment should be great; but with Douglas Fairbanks one never knows, because his position in the film industry is unique. That he surrounds himself with brains and therefore never comes wholly to grief is hardly a sufficient explanation of his unquestionable success hitherto; nevertheless, the poor-ness of his acting does not seem to affect his popularity. There are his boyishness and high spirits, there are his acrobatics and gymnastics, but it is difficult to understand why these qualities should make so strong an appeal. Undoubtedly his best picture was 'The Black Pirate,' but equally successful were 'The Mark of Zorro,' 'The Three Musketeers' and 'The Thief of Bagdad'; it remains to be seen whether 'Reaching for the Moon' will follow in their wake.

In this last picture of his he appears in modern dress, or rather in the lack of it, as an American financier who is weaned from big business by the allurements of Bebe Daniels. The story, which is silly and obvious enough, is never allowed to settle down in a definite medium, and in the confusion it is impossible to discover whether comedy or burlesque is intended. The action proceeds rather like the new rocket motor-car with the aid of a series of explosions which end in smoke, and the scene of all the noise is the most unseaworthy liner that Hollywood has ever put together.

The slipshod production is in some ways the most disquieting feature of the picture, for whatever the faults of Mr. Fairbanks, his films have always been distinguished by the very great care which he has taken to try to get his settings accurate. Perhaps he is tired of making pictures; but if he is, I hope that he will try once again, so that 'Reaching for the Moon' may be forgotten in a later production which may prove a more fitting swan song.

The Radio organization, which owns the Leicester Square Cinema, has not shown any picture really worthy of the company and the theatre since their production of 'Cimarron,' but 'The Public Defender,' which comes into the programme this week, is better than their recent efforts. Richard Dix, the hero of 'Cimarron,' is again the star, and his performance is a sound one, though his elocution is somewhat stilted.

The public defender is an old friend in a new guise, for he is the man who robs the Peters of their ill-gotten gains in order to repay them to the Pauls from whom they have been filched. Such evidence of altruism generally succeeds with an audience, every member of which thinks he is a Paul who has been at one time or another unfairly treated by a Peter, and doubtless the sight of Richard Dix bringing three members of a syndicate to justice that he may clear the reputation of the fourth will be much appreciated.

It is part of the formula that such a clever person should be regarded by all as a particularly stupid ass, but the marvellous gift which this relation of 'The Four Just Men' has for knowing, not only where his victims keep their incriminating documents but also the combination of their safes, is one which must have been very hard to keep hidden under a bushel. Unerringly he moves the discs, unhesitatingly he opens the middle of a mantelpiece, but how these secrets became his remains conveniently left to the imagination. His reward is Shirley Grey, who gives a nice performance, but the most satisfactory part of the picture is the direction, which is in the hands of Mr. Rubens. It is his first film and it will not be his last.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Elizabeth of England. By Ferdinand Bruckner. Adapted by Ashley Dukes. Cambridge Theatre.

The Mask and the Face. By C. B. Fernald. Embassy Theatre.

"I BELIEVE," writes Mr. Ashley Dukes, in a note in the programme at the Cambridge Theatre, "that Herr Bruckner would desire me to acknowledge the debt owed by 'Elizabeth of England' to Mr. Lytton Strachey." I wish the adapter of Herr Bruckner's play had been just a little more explicit. For it is altogether beyond my powers of speculation to conceive in what respect 'Elizabeth of England' is indebted to 'Elizabeth and Essex.' Mr. Strachey collected the facts and narrated them dramatically; Herr Bruckner has garbled a few of the same facts, invented some fictions, jumbled them together in a hat, and produced an amorphous, undramatic Legend, as Mr. Dukes evasively describes it. It seems just a little unkind to blame this Legend on to Mr. Strachey!

Still, now I come to think of it, there is one sense in which the playwright may be said to owe a debt to the biographer. Mr. Strachey may not have invented Essex, but he disinterred him, breathed into him a post-humous vitality, and enthroned him, side by side with Gloriana, in the scandal-in-high-places-loving hearts of the British library-subscribing public. And Elizabeth herself has been transformed from something even deader than Queen Anne into a romantic and exciting woman with a pretty taste in gigolos. Mr. Strachey's "revelations" were still fresh in our minds when Herr Bruckner's play was put into rehearsal, and the first-night queue began assembling four-and-twenty hours before the curtain rose! Oh, yes, there is certainly a sense—a strictly commercial sense—in which 'Elizabeth the Queen' is indebted to 'Elizabeth and Essex'!

To impute any other responsibility to Mr. Strachey is mere bravado. Indeed, there is nothing in the play to warrant an assumption that Herr Bruckner has ever even seen a copy of 'Elizabeth and Essex.' Such garbled history as is discernible in his play seems much more like the hazy recollection of some kindergarten primer, or of some "historical romance" designed for fraulein. Having thus exonerated Mr. Strachey from all suspicion of responsibility, I can now, with an easy conscience, turn from what Herr Bruckner's play is not, to what it is.

Into the space of nearly three long hours of actual "playing" time, and into what (though no dates are mentioned) is apparently a single year of historical time, the author has succeeded in crowding nearly all the "memorable" incidents (as the authors of '1066 and All That' would call them) of Elizabeth's reign. Indeed, an alternative title for Herr Bruckner's Legend would be '1588 and All That.' Act One is an ingenious travesty of the Elizabeth-and-Essex story, and relates how young Robert Devereux, piqued by his failure to wangle the Attorney-Generalship for his friend Bacon, joined a rebellion organized by (and apparently consisting only of) Lord Mountjoy and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, lurked about the palace gardens in the hope of abducting the Queen, and was eventually, at the end of one of the silliest scenes I have ever sat through, arrested on a charge of High Treason. After this there is an interval in which some of the audience drink whisky, while the others recover from the shock.

Act Two is the Armada. In the first of its three scenes, we discover Philip, King of Spain, in the Escorial. As he sits in a chair, his daughter bathes and bandages his shin; and the picture presented to a frivolous imagination was that of an irascible old gentleman who had just been injured in a parents' hockey match. Frivolity was not diminished by the subsequent hurly-burly, when his groans of physical pain and moans

of spiritual torture (at the thought of Elizabeth's "harlotry") became mingled in cacophonous confusion with the Pilgrims' Chorus of some passing Flagellant Monks! And the comedy began to seem intentional when an immensely owl-like cardinal appeared upon the scene, and, saying nothing, glared a ludicrous and utterly bewildered disapproval through a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. Still, despite its devastating faults, this scene in the Escorial—with its gorgeous setting by Charles Ricketts; its picturesque Catholic (or rather, so they tell me, pseudo-Catholic) ceremonial; and with Mr. Matheson Lang magnificently fanatic and sadistic as King Philip—was a memorable achievement, and far and away the best thing in the play.

The comparative failure of the scene in St. Paul's and simultaneously in Spain was as much the producer's as the author's fault. The courts of Elizabeth and Philip are at prayer, waiting for news of the Armada; the solid masonry of England on the one side, and the richly decorative trappings of Catholicism on the other. It is true that here, as so often in the play, Herr Bruckner seemed at a loss for the necessary words with which to vitalize a potentially dramatic situation; that the dialogue was feeble and spasmodic and without dramatic continuity; true, also, that the cleaving of the action into two contemporaneous scenes presented technical difficulties which the author was obviously unable to overcome. Still, Herr Hilpert might have dramatized the empty pause before the news of the defeat of the Armada, and have made it seem more like suspense and less like aphony; and most certainly he should have worked the final climax into something more exciting than the fizzling squib he offered us.

After this there was another interval, and then we returned to Essex, who had meanwhile been convicted, sentenced to death, and was now beheaded in obscurity, while Elizabeth, on a near-by staircase, writhed in the agonies of indecision. A penultimate scene, with Mr. Vosper nicely delivering a tedious and unnecessary speech of Bacon's, was followed by the death of Philip—a magnificent and very subtle piece of work by Mr. Lang. Whereupon Miss Neilson-Terry, as Elizabeth, uttered a remark which was possibly profound, but unfortunately inaudible, the curtain descended, and I found to my surprise that the time was only twenty minutes past eleven.

I regret to have to say it, but 'Elizabeth of England' is a very bad and—worse!—a very dull play. Herr Bruckner seems to be utterly deficient in dramatic instinct. His dialogue is flat, his construction clumsy, and by using a divided stage and simultaneous scenes, he prevents the actors working up his feeble drama into a theatrically effective play. The acting was as good as the circumstances permitted. Mr. Lang was magnificent as Philip. As Elizabeth, Miss Neilson-Terry acted strenuously and thoroughly, but one was always conscious of an actress acting. Mr. Perrins was appropriately impudent and spoilt as Essex; Mr. Vosper cleverly conveyed the cynical aloofness which was all the playwright gave us of the character of Bacon; Mr. Bromley-Davenport created a significantly non-committal Cecil; and there was a strangely convincing father-confessor by Mr. George Howe. Much of the play was quite inaudible, but this was not the actors' fault; it was partly the producer's, but chiefly the result of modern theatrical architecture. It is an unfortunate weakness of our newest theatres that they are not really suited to the production of plays—which, when you come to think about it, is a rather serious weakness.

The revival of Mr. Fernald's version of Luigi Chiarelli's famous satire on marital "honour" is not among the happier productions at the Embassy. It is taken much too slowly, and the part of the wife requires a more mischievous sparkle than Miss Joyce Bland is able to give it.

CORRESPONDENCE

CO-EDUCATION

SIR,—There is one point in Mrs. Frances Lascelles's argument against co-education with which I disagree, although I am not entirely in favour of co-education.

She describes the actions of a girl who went to see her and attributes the bad manners and rather rough behaviour of this girl to her having been educated at a co-educational school.

This, in my opinion, is not so. There are many girls' schools, boarding schools in particular, where the girls become most unfeminine, and whose manners on leaving school and living at home are decidedly not good and far from being gentle and charming.

M. G. B.

SHOULD HUNTING BE ABOLISHED?

SIR,—Mr. James Stern says: "It would be interesting to know how many 'anti-hunters' exist who in their lives have ridden across a country behind a pack of hounds." I have done a little hunting—it was fairly mild hunting, in Devonshire—but it seemed to me far and away more exciting and absorbing than any other outdoor recreation. For a time I almost lived for it. Then I watched the digging-out of a fox from a deep hill-side earth. Eventually a large slab of soil fell away; the fox was suddenly revealed, crouching at the back of the earth, and hounds were let in. The expression in the fox's eyes at that moment was impressive; I have not hunted since and do not fancy that I shall ever hunt again.

C. D.

London

MR. CHURCHILL

SIR,—In your issue of September 26 Mr. G. H. Ludolf asks why Winston Churchill is excluded from a government needing courage, brains and resourcefulness. True, it needs all these three and many other virtues, but surely in a government of all the calamities Winston Churchill could not and should not find a place.

If he were the man I have always thought and hoped he would prove to be, he would have stepped into his father's shoes and have formed a party of sanity and vision to clear out the proved incompetents. The England tired of its present directors would amply support him.

HAMILTON EDWARDS

Junior Athenæum Club,
Piccadilly, W.1

SUNDAY THEATRES

SIR,—Your correspondent E. B. F., like Mr. Garrett and Mr. Bacon Phillips, makes no attempt to answer the main issue raised in my two previous letters: Why, given the obvious popular demand for Sunday recreation, the stage should be penalized in favour of the picture theatre?

I am aware of the wise course taken by the Church in France in recognizing the popular demand for Sunday recreation and inaugurating cinema entertainments to counteract the influence of tawdy, questionable films. But your correspondents appear to overlook the fact that the influence of a bad film or play is precisely the same on any day of the week, and that a play or film of wholesome tendency does not become demoralizing by being shown on a Sunday.

A point often overlooked is the simple fact that if the British public did not want Sunday theatrical perform-

ances, they would stay away from them, and theatres would automatically be closed on Sundays in accordance with the workings of the laws of supply and demand.

Grasse, A.M.

CHRISTOPHER SANDEMAN

'THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITAL'

SIR,—In the first of the SATURDAY REVIEW'S 'Collapse of Capital' articles, it was pointed out that "whereas physical capital is in effect indestructible by ordinary human standards of time, we are apt to forget that financial capital is easily destructible." We are also apt to forget a corollary—that the financial value of physical capital can easily be destroyed or lessened. A striking object-lesson is provided by the present position of the British railways.

The accounts of the four Groups at the end of last year showed a total stock and loan capital of £1,092,000,000 in round numbers, of which almost exactly a quarter was represented by the Ordinary stocks. That £1,092,000,000 can be accepted as the capital cost of construction and equipment. Actually the outlay has been rather greater, since the capital accounts have been overspent and much expenditure on improvements or new equipment has been debited partly to revenue, but for ordinary purposes the figure can stand. It represents, therefore, the minimum capital value of the properties. (To forestall possible criticism on the point, it may be mentioned that against those instances in which the nominal value of stocks was increased so as to bring it into line with market valuation—the so-called "water"—there must be set the reductions in nominal values under the financial terms of grouping.) Moreover, since the bulk of the British railway system was constructed during a period of much lower wages and prices than prevail to-day, the properties are worth considerably more than they would cost to replace, although their replacement value is, admittedly, largely an academic factor, since the real value of a property is conditioned by its earning powers and prospects, and not by what it cost to build, make, or acquire.

What, on that basis, is the real present value of the British railways? The standard revenue to which the four companies are entitled, but which they have never earned, is £50,494,184, or rather under 5 per cent. on the whole of the capital. Since the figure was fixed with some reference to prospects and to capital expenditure that had not yet fructified, it corresponds closely enough with the actual pre-war return, which tended over a term of years up to 1913, to be stabilized at about $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Not only has the standard revenue not been earned, but the deficit becomes every year larger and more serious. That deficit is in part, for reasons into which it would take too long to enter, due to conditions that appear permanent, and that it would be unwise to regard as merely due to world-wide economic depression. The effect of the adverse financial position of the railway companies has been to cause a progressive decline in stock values, until the aggregate market value of the Ordinary stocks has now shrunk to less than a quarter of their nominal value.

There has thus been a direct destruction of financial capital, although the value of the physical capital that it created remains unimpaired. Since this loss of capital has taken place, the obvious step would be to write down nominal values, on the reasonable assumption that £100 of London, Midland & Scottish Ordinary Stock is never likely to be worth £100 again, or worth anything like it. Stockholders have already incurred the loss; they have nothing more to lose, and possibly something to gain, by a process that would merely face reality by bringing nominal values into line with real values.

VERNON SOMMERFIELD

NEW NOVELS BY H. C. HARWOOD

- the Waves.* By Virginia Woolf. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.
Results of an Accident. By Vicki Baum. Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.
Two People. By A. A. Milne. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
The Wet Parade. By Upton Sinclair. Werner, Laurie. 7s. 6d.
No Friendly Drop. By Henry Wade. Constable. 7s. 6d.
The Place of the Leon. By Charles Williams. Gollancz. 3s.

To have a room of one's own was once recommended by Mrs. Woolf as a method whereby gentlewomen could write good novels, but 'the Waves' suggests that this chamber music, this closet fiction, is executed behind too firmly closed windows. Six persons here soliloquize, intermittently pouring out their private thoughts, from childhood to late middle age. Each has the exquisite sensibility of a raw wound. It hurts them to do or think. It hurts them to exist at all. And each is quite independent of time, for his or her musings, in infancy or in maturity, are much the same. Rhoda, for example, is always complaining that she has no face, and this deficiency seems infectious because before the end somebody else complains that his features have been eaten away. Louis, ashamed of his Australian accent at eight, is equally ashamed of it at forty-eight. What Bernard, what Neville were as boys they become as men. Life, and the movement of life, the endless variety of experience, the strong urge of passion, the elegance of civilization are denied to these poor puppets who begin as children who never were and end as adults who should never have been. A seventh, called Percival, athlete and man of action, from acquaintance with whom the half dozen derive unexplained and inexplicable thrills, is killed quite early, but this only makes the half dozen's thrills more embarrassing. And all the time, or at least on every sixtieth page, the waves beat in italics.

This criticism seems rather petulant. Why should not Mrs. Woolf, successfully or unsuccessfully, experiment with a style of her own making? Why should not the six be represented, not as humans, growing and decaying, but as immortal and unchangeable spirits? The answer is that the book is dull. No wealth of italics, no surge of anapaests about trite images, obscures that. The peculiar form adopted by Mrs. Woolf exacts much attention and gives too small a reward.

Probably, however, many people will find in 'the Waves' a beauty which I am temperamentally incapable of understanding. The dust cover, designed by Mrs. Woolf's sister, seems to me very bad indeed. The drawing is feeble and the colours muddy, and only a weak desire to be different could explain the timid misuse of capital letters. But, beyond all the disadvantages of having a room of one's own, Mrs. Woolf writes in italics some excellent prose poems.

With relief I turn from Mrs. Woolf to Miss Vicki Baum, because here is a good story well told. Into a small German town of seven thousand people break in from the outer world four disturbing agents. There was an accident, and the driver of the car was killed. The owner of the car, who escaped with a dislocated shoulder, fell in love with his doctor's wife and nearly persuaded her to go away with him. Meanwhile, his mistress, whose face had been scarred, has been accommodated at an old-fashioned country house, and his boxer—he had a boxer with him, as Trimalchio might have done—goes to the mansion of the rich industrialist. The little town of Lohwinckel was tremendously excited by this irruption from the outer world, and radical changes were threatened. But, though every-

thing was disturbed, nothing was changed. "So many half results." The impetus of the invasion was insufficient. The Communist excites the workers, and then has to discourage them from striking. The old aristocrat fumbles with his pistol when he wants to shoot his mortgagor. The schoolboys go on strike, only to apologize after for it. And Frau Doktor Persenthein does not run away with the millionaire.

Miss Baum is not in Germany regarded as one of the best novelists, and they probably sneer at us for taking her seriously, as we sneer at the Swedish enthusiasm for Miss Berta Ruck. No nonsense. I know a good book when I see one, and 'Results of an Accident' is a good book, and that colloquy between the doctor and his wife could only have been written by somebody of great imagination. If the author can be forgiven for writing such a popular success as 'Grand Hotel,' her 'Results of an Accident' should be enjoyed. A lot of praise is due to the translator, whose English runs as smoothly as if it were the original language employed. And German is not an easy language to translate. Miss Goldsmith makes it as smooth as clotted cream.

It was a mistake for Mr. Milne to write 'Two People,' because all we old Milne-fans, remembering the early *Punch* articles, supposed that when he had got it off his chest that he begat Christopher Robin, who now is old enough for a prep. school, he would return to a lively commentary upon adults. Instead of which, Mr. Milne demonstrates in 'Two People' his aversion from reality. From time to time little tit-bits of humour are served to us, little funny passages, but never, alas, does Mr. Milne pretend to anything but gentlemanly buffoonery. Reginald is a complete ass. One has to be or one would not be lovable. Reginald is hopelessly inefficient about everything. His wife, too, is subnormal, but very, very pretty. She must be even more lovable than Reginald. There are passages of satire, too, in which Mr. Milne attacks the sort of publisher who has not existed in the last thirty years, and probably the author has felt proud of coming so near to reality. But . . . but . . . parts of the book are quite comic, and Mr. Milne, I suppose, asks no higher praise.

'The Wet Parade' is not one of Mr. Upton Sinclair's more exciting novels. Fiction has fumbled behind truth, and a thousand more exciting things are reported about bootleggers than Mr. Sinclair has chosen to report. The opening is good. One begins to smell that fat delta of the Mississippi. But, later, all is subverted to the pink socialism that Mr. Sinclair has made peculiarly his own.

Mr. Wade is one of the best of detective-story writers, but I have not liked his later books so much as his first. Now in 'No Friendly Drop' he repeats his initial success. It is a pity that a love interest should have been added to an adequate plot. One sighs for S. Holmes, who, whatever his faults, never after the first adventure fell in love. Mr. Wade is perfectly fair, apart from the erotic diversion, and absolutely frank, and the murder, or murders, are not involved in complex coincidences. If the detective story is to survive, and not perish under its own overweight, it will be because Mr. Wade and others rely on their subtlety rather than on their invention. But please let us have no more of these conventional amours mistakenly thrust into an exercise of pure reason.

Mr. Williams continues his excursions into the half-world between legend and philosophy with a story of the happenings when the gnostic and neo-Platonist principalities and powers try to force an entry into the every-day world. It is a book which will either attract the reader greatly, make him throw it aside in disgust, or even prove rather dangerous reading to a mind unbalanced by uninformed speculation. Readers of 'War in Heaven' and 'Many Dimensions' will enjoy the change of scene and the hesitations of Damaris over her "Pythagorean Influences on Abelard."

REVIEWS

The Duke. By Philip Guedalla. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

It is interesting that England once had her *Duce*, a legendary father of his country: first in peace and first in war. Perhaps it is his pre-eminent powers in peace which would be most eagerly recalled by his fellow-countrymen to-day. With a grand contempt for mobs and even a severity towards his soldiers, whom he conceived to have enlisted for the most part for drink, he could have managed a swaying, stupid, but stolid mass like England to-day. Philip Guedalla's book comes in good season. It will read like a brimming tankard of ale during the winter ahead. He has worked hard for three years and there will be nothing new discoverable about the Duke in the future. He has waded through all possible material in order to ring the changes on as fine a set of bells as ever pealed from a literary belfry. His design is particularly like a full score of bell-ringing. All the characters chime in here, there and whenever wanted round a great central boom of subdued thunder. Mr. Guedalla's style as an historian is well known. He is not such an artist as, but he is a better historian than Mr. Strachey. He relies for his ironical juxtapositions upon contrasted facts, not upon the subtleties conceived in his own mind. The book is massive and Mr. Guedalla apologizes that he has taken three-quarters of the space "customary for the portrayal of a thoughtful bank-clerk" in a modern novel. But there is a difference. Fiction is an easy languid stream, upon which author and reader move in a light canoe. But Mr. Guedalla's narrative allows for no somnolence or easy paddling. He has packed his page with facts, allusions and material, which in spite of many repetitions necessary to ringing changes must be taken by the eye and passed to the reading memory, if the weight of human interest and occasional splendour of the book are to be grasped. Mr. Guedalla has moved against his formidable foe (for how else describe an historian's *magnum opus*?) in the old French style, as Wellington described the French attacks, but he has never fallen away and has remained on the ground to face in the old English style of solid squares and long, hidden lines, the host of peppery Colonels, military experts, ignorant critics, and paladins of style who will march against his position.

But Mr. Guedalla will carry the common reader and laugh the expert historians to scorn. It is a merry book and less sardonic than expected, and if it froths at times, it is because it is a draught of fine old English ale. A good thing it is that the author begins as enthusiastic, and with his own achievement, as most readers will be at the ending. He points out in his Preface that "his portrait richly deserves to hang in the great gallery of English prose." We can certainly support the claim.

It is not here that we need to hunt for minute anachronisms or to harry the imaginary out of the thickets of the real. What is wonderful is that with such gigantic thickets and forests to beat, he has so quickly and cleanly sprung so royal a hart and kept him so splendidly in view until the noble death which still echoes in the Laureate's Ode. The enormous mass of facts, sidelights, hints and cross-currents are trodden and beaten down into place and sometimes sufficiently cleared for the author to break into a glamorous passage. On p. 4 we have the last word on the eighteenth-century Irish gentry, and Lecky could not have improved it. On p. 118 we have the three weeks in 1805, when "a malicious fate enjoyed the brief paradox of Napoleon at large and Wellington at St. Helena," in a rippling paragraph; p. 70 gives us the eighteenth century as lived in India. The Apotheosis

is the best writing in the book, for instead of letting himself loose, the author draws in the multitudinous threads of his knowledge and weaves a fine tapestry. At the end the funeral passes in solemn detail and not without ironical moments, when the Russian delegate assures the bastard son of Napoleon, who represented the Prince President, that they were gathered together to bury, not to resurrect the destroyer of the First Empire. The great bell of St. Paul's seems to boom through the array of titles, of which Mr. Guedalla makes such skilful use in italics and the very Cathedral seems to have been built by Queen Anne, not as the cenotaph of her Marlborough but as the mausoleum of the greatest and last of English Dukes. The book is a wonderful pudding and the starch of the text is full of raisins and spices. Books like 'Vanity Fair' and 'Charles O'Malley' are used to deliver their plums. Becky Sharp and Micky Free must be delighted to figure in the real history of the Duke. Waterloo is not Waterloo without Amelia praying for her George as he lay with a bullet in his heart. All this use of contemporary literature is excellent, but we dislike the epithets "Wilsonian" and "Curzonian" when they appear. It is rather like turning from the bell-peal to strike a change or two on a gong.

We turn back to re-read passage after passage. The eighteenth century in Dublin reads like the flourishes in one of George Moore's Irish novels:

Grilles, cornices and porticoes attested it. Flambeaux announced the fact with iron tracery: door after door insisted blandly with a delicious fanlight and a pair of elegant pilasters: it echoed from painted walls where the discreet fustians wandered from urn to urn: unnumbered chandeliers nodded assent with every gleaming prism. . . . Murmuring in heroic couplets the last enchantment of the eighteenth century, Dublin sat decorously true to type beside its river. Other capitals might falter in their allegiance. . . .

Lord Mornington, the Duke's father, was Professor of Music at Trinity College in ominous times:

But these discontents scarcely reached Mornington House. Burke wrote a pamphlet and Lord Mornington composed a glee. The angry Junius strained the limits of invective and that gentle nobleman made a mild addition to the English Hymnal. Mobs roared and he was seen a little puffy now, bending a dark shaven chin above deft fingers at the keyboard.

In the same undercurrent he paints John Gurwood, the Duke's tragic secretary, once the hero of Ciudad Rodrigo, ending in suicide in a Brighton lodging, or the Duke's love for Mrs. Arbuthnot ending in the arms of Mr. Arbuthnot. When she died:

that night he thought of poor Arbuthnot. They had both loved her and the Duke felt he must go to him. Early the next morning he posted off to console the widower. But the loss was Wellington's. For he had lost the only home he had . . . the two lonely men drew silently together. He had once shared Arbuthnot's home and now the Duke gave Arbuthnot a shelter. They would be widowers together. But when the world watched him speaking calmly in the House of Lords that week, it thought him hard. For the world knew nothing of his stricken letters. . . .

His Duchess, Kitty Packenham, flutters a little flimsily through the book. There is nothing for a writer to catch hold off. "There are no maps of such affairs: the heroine herself confessed that there were no love-letters and the surviving facts barely suffice to indicate the meagre anatomy of his unpromising romance." He apparently married her because she was faithful to him while he was in India, though he had clean forgotten her existence until he "found himself Prince Charming, unawares hero or victim of a one-sided romance." The Peninsular War was largely his idea, and was the issue of a diverted raid upon Venezuela "and by the divine inconsequence of

British institutions the Chief Secretary for Ireland sailed in a cruiser named *Crocodile* to deal a death blow to the French Empire."

Previously Mr. Guedalla loosed all his power of simple irony upon the British strategy of the time:

Nine hundred bayonets, four guns and six dragoons were hopefully consigned into the vast spaces of the Argentine to capture Buenos Ayres: five battalions were entrusted with the flattering mission of rounding Cape Horn, occupying Chile and crossing the Andes: and the same lofty disregard of time and space dictated a third project which verged on the sublime. Two forces starting in two separate hemispheres were to converge on Mexico.

And the flashing style is maintained until the end of the book. When Soult came to London for Queen Victoria's Coronation:

the Duke tactfully postponed publication of the Toulouse volume of his despatches. The long pursuit across the Pyrenees was ended in a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, when Wellington came up with Soult at last. . . .

Mr. Guedalla's pursuit has been as long and the reader will confess that he has come up with Wellington at last.

SHANE LESLIE

OUR LOST LITTLE GODS

Wanderings. By Arthur Symons. Illustrated by G. E. Chambers. Dent. 8s. 6d.

My Russian Venture. By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

AMONG the many things threatened by industrialism is the feeling for places, the sensitiveness to the surfaces of surrounding objects, that kind of epidermal sentiency which will enable a rustic gardener to set the radicles of a plant, or of a fruit-tree, when being moved in his garden, with fingers so responsive that the translated thing will thrive; whereas an equally well-intentioned townsman will fail, and see, he knows not why, the translated thing wither—less by its removal, as he inwardly knows, than from the suburban stiffness of his very touch. In towns the retina is self-anæsthetized—by an instinctive need to protect itself from the too numerous, too dazzling impressions that stab remorselessly upon it. There is too much to see; and so an invisible occluding screen, or its equivalent, is contrived by the optic nerves to shut out almost everything that darts into its focal radius. Townspeople, now, can only afford to notice one insistent object at a time. The same thing happens with the skins of townspeople, for the skin not only breathes, but the nerves behind it receive impressions through their breathing; whereas, again, the body of a countryman (with arms, neck, and sometimes ankles, bare) becomes a physical sponge, quietly soaking in all circumambient influences. The sum total of these last is the "feeling for place": only fully developed, too, by staying long in one spot, by moving thence rarely, and for short intervals "whenever." Consequently, the feeling for place, so evident in the place-names of the Hebrews, in the *genii locorum* of Greek and even of Latin literature, in the folk-lore of Shakespeare, in English Nature-poets, is wilting in our prose, or is found, to-day, in forms at some remove from it.

These two books, of a several excellence in their proper kinds, well illustrate that which is happening. Indeed, their common quality is a difference of divergence, deriving from the residuum of the feeling for place that still flows, as a trickle, in English letters. Apart from local-books, such as Gilbert White's or Cobbett's, or that far too little-known Emily Shore's *Journal*: place-books, so to call them, are now mostly not sessile but travel-books:

in other words, satisfying the appetite for restlessness, for curiosity, or for novelty and strangeness, instead of, as the older tradition preferred, an appetite for a receptive, vegetable, at most an ivy-like, cleaving to one's home. Mr. Arthur Symons, the poet of pavements, ballet, street-walking, the author of 'Cities' (that tired, but loving record of the capitals of Europe), here lets us share his "wanderings," some recent, since happily he has not continued a tendency to repeat himself from past writing and past moods, in France, in Central Europe, and, at last, at home: home meaning, too, here, not Leicester Square, but Kent and Cornwall. Of course, he talks literature by the way; we should be sorry if he had not; but there is a freshness, the peculiar and exquisite freshness of autumn, in 'Wanderings' (well caught, moreover, in Mr. Chambers's drawings), as if the changes that he has seen in familiar cities, changes wherein regret must mingle, had by its affront aroused his æsthetic resistance, to record: not the contradiction, not the new challenge, but the newness itself, the change: the war-scarred new, or relic of the old world: Berlin, Paris, Carcassonne. This, I think, is his best book of recent years. Rich in material, scrupulous in style, charmingly produced. All his admirers must needs have it.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's is of a different order of travel: it is an exploration, not of a country, nor of a city, but of a society, of the new conditions of life in White Russia and in the Ukraine, that is to say on the periphery of Soviet Russia, where a similar inspiration has produced effects differing much from those in the two towns, looming over-largely here, Leningrad and Moscow. It is, if one may be permitted to say so, a book that that great journalist, the most courageous and independent of his day, Cecil Chesterton would have liked. For it tries to enlighten; its root is honest; its information lucid; its impartiality (so far as ignorance can judge) is genuine. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, unless I am much mistaken, is a Distributist not a Communist, yet she finds plenty to admire in the Collectivist-farms which, however, are to be distinguished from the State-farms under Communism. The changes brought about by Soviet propaganda upon women by the insecurity of marriage, by the anti-God business upon religion, are studied sympathetically yet with detachment. There are traveller's adventures, humorous comments, an intelligence responding to queer stimuli. What her conclusions are I would give away no more than I would reveal the crux of a detective-story. Read: mark, you must: and learn for yourself. This is a book of news: the sort of news that does not find its way into our daily newspapers.

Contrast is not the only value in this pair of books. A humane person (in the scholar's sense of the humanities) should have the intellectual sponge of Mrs. Cecil Chesterton to the busy world, and the imaginative pores of Arthur Symons for the tang of a boulevard, the cadence of a street, the coda of a towered little hill-top city, the variations of a stream of urban-faces, for the spirit of urbanity (which includes literature) itself. Both books have given to me an imaginative "change," an arm-chair holiday-trip abroad. What can one say more?

OSBERT BURDETT

STUPOR MUNDI

Frederick the Second, 1194-1250. By Ernst Kantorowicz. Constable. 27s.

OF all the innumerable dynasties that have at one time or another controlled the destinies of the nations very few have left any permanent memory behind them, or have roused any undying affection for themselves alone. It is true that in more than one European country to-day there are powerful influences

at work in favour of a Bourbon or a Hapsburg restoration, but they are exerted by parties who wish for a monarchy for their own ends, and not because they have any special affection for the particular family in question. The Stuarts, indeed, were an exception, and for generation after generation men were prepared to suffer and to die for them without any selfish motive, and without questioning the justice of their cause. So it was, though to an even greater extent, with the Hohenstaufen, another exception that proves the rule, and the legend of Frederick Barbarossa in his mountain cave, sitting with his elbow on the table through which his beard has grown, is but proof that his Royal House is remembered while many another is forgotten; and that this is the case is in no small measure due to the subject of this volume, his grandson, who well deserved his proud title of "Wonder of the World," and whom Nietzsche hailed as "one of my nearest kin."

Frederick II was, as Professor Kantorowicz shows, the outstanding figure of the later Middle Ages, and his portrait is much more familiar to us than that of the other great figure of the medieval period, Charlemagne, who is still to a large extent wrapped in the clouds of mythology. The Hohenstaufen rivets attention, in an age that has little meaning for us in the twentieth century, by the fact that he combined in his own person both the future and the past, for he looked back to Julius Cæsar just as he looked forward to Napoleon. Sprung from a line that was as ill-fated as the House of Atreus, he towered over all his contemporaries, save the friend of his youth, Innocent III, and yet so much was he his own worst enemy that he ruined for six hundred years the two countries for which he tried to do most, and he left such a name that he was the only Emperor whom Dante placed in Hell. If ever there was a man of whom it could be said that the evil that he did lived after him, that man was Frederick, whom the Guelphs believed to be anti-Christ, and it may even be that the force of his example was such that it had a good deal to do with bringing another monarch to disaster in our own time, if Prince von Bülow is to be believed.

Frederick might have done in Germany what the Capets and Plantagenets were doing in France and England, and so, with incalculable consequences to the subsequent history of the whole world, have effected German unity six centuries before Bismarck was born. However, although a Hohenstaufen, he was an Italian by birth and in his outlook, and in the struggle to make the Empire a reality he threw away the German Kingdom. The Princes, spiritual and lay, were accorded any privileges they cared to claim so long as they left their Kaiser to fight out his battle with the Church, and the result was that they grew too strong for any subsequent ruler to control. In the end the Hohenstaufen lost, and ruined, the Empire too, though it is but fair to say that if Frederick had lived for ten years longer he might have made the Pope his chaplain, and so the sacrifice of German unity would not have been entirely in vain.

The abiding interest of his career is, of course, the struggle between Empire and Papacy, which was carried to such lengths in his reign. Frederick inherited that contest from his ancestors, and he passed it on to his successors, for the recent dispute between Signor Mussolini and the Vatican is but the latest act of hostilities in the unending war between Ghibelline and Guelph. Disputes between Pope and Emperor there were bound to be, but the position of both depended upon the quarrel not being pushed to extremes, and this was forgotten by Frederick II and Gregory IX. The King of France, whose throne owed nothing to the Holy See, might have the successor of St. Peter arrested by his orders, and be none the worse for it, but the Empire and the Papacy were so intimately connected that their blows at one another had the effect of boomerangs. Therefore, the immediate result of

the titanic struggle which Frederick waged, first against Gregory IX and then against Innocent IV, was on the one hand the Great Interregnum, and on the other the Babylonish Captivity and the Great Schism, while ahead lay the Reformation, and the collapse of the whole medieval system. Frederick, who believed in his mission as Holy Roman Emperor more than any of his predecessors had done, destroyed the foundations upon which his throne rested, and rendered it inevitable that the realm he governed should ere long be neither Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire.

In Italy, too, for all his love of it, he left a legacy of tyranny and fratricidal strife that was the root of that country's troubles until the *Risorgimento*. In its early days there was something noble in the conflict between Empire and Papacy, and it was felt by many to be a clash of ideals that brought out the best that was in the combatants. Frederick left it a quarrel between Ghibelline and Guelph in which city was divided against city, family against family, and father against son, and all for reasons which had long since ceased to have any meaning. There was no idealism in Italy from the time of the Hohenstaufen to that of Mazzini, and for the mutual suspicion that made the peninsula the battlefield of Spain, France and Austria the Emperor must be held responsible, for he chloroformed the country's soul. The Visconti, and a dozen lesser dynasties, copied Frederick's cruelty, which was exceptional even for the age in which he lived, and his methods of government, and by their hates paved the way for alien domination, though it was the Pope, as one result of his fight against the Hohenstaufen, who first brought the foreigner into Italy in the person of Charles of Anjou.

Yet, when all is said and done, Frederick is one of the few men who have altered the course of history. He first, in Sicily, created the modern State with its lay bureaucracy, and Philip IV and Edward I, the latter his nephew by marriage, profited by his example; he made the Reformation inevitable by the seeds of mistrust which he everywhere sowed concerning the Papacy; and his artistic and literary activities gave the Renaissance its form. *Corruptio optimi pessima*, and the man who won two crowns, those of the Empire and of Jerusalem, without bloodshed, in later years recked nothing of human life and suffering. Like Alexander and Napoleon, Frederick deteriorated in character with continued success—he fancied himself divine—and so the *Puer Apulie* became anti-Christ. In portraying this great figure in all his strength and in all his weakness, Professor Kantorowicz has made a notable contribution to the history of the Middle Ages, and the publishers are to be congratulated upon their share in making so important a work available to the English reader.

CHARLES PETRIE

THE PROGRESS OF A POET

From Feathers to Iron. By C. Day Lewis.
Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

THE early books of a poet must be judged by the merits they possess, judged so exclusively; their faults may be reprov'd, but they must never be unfairly underlined. I take my stand on that in dealing with this book of a few poems. It is Mr. Day Lewis's second, and its merits are enough to set it safely above the tired and stale stream of most recent verse.

His first book, 'Transitional Poem' (1929), had faults which he has forgotten. The value of its thought did not always justify its gnarled and obscure manner. Brevity and contraction and contortion cramped it, but again and again good verse glowed out of it, like a few berries on a leafless mountain-ash. I have always

remembered with envy the image at the end of one section:

For I had been a modern moth and hurled
Myself on many a flaming world,
To find its globe was glass.
In you alone
I met the naked light, by you became
Veteran of a flame
That burns away all but the warrior bone.
And I shall know, if time should falsify
This star the company of my night,
Mine is the heron's flight
Which makes a solitude of any sky.

In 'Feathers to Iron' there is nothing better than those last two lines, but in general the iron is hammered more smoothly, to a straighter, sharper edge. In movement these poems are unusual. They have not that dispiriting iambic sameness which dulls so much present-day verse, written after the best models. Now and then lines and stanzas are made awkward by this deliberate freshness, but Mr. Day Lewis is so evidently growing in control that they can be overlooked. In subject his poems are grave; he is preoccupied with death, life, birth—the preoccupations of any human being—but he fits them out with an originality of imagination which satisfies the intellect in much the same way as the startling imagination of poems by Marvell or Donne. He is not always successful (nor was Marvell or Donne); and I am uneasy (to give an instance) about this:

Look how the athletic field
His flowery vest has peeled

To wrestle another fall with rain and sleet.

And I am not always won over to his use of imagery of applied science—railways, electricity, photography. Yet consider an indubitable success or two:

Admiral earth breaks out his colours
Bright at the forepeak of the day;

or:

Just so the pure night-eye, the moon,
Labours, a monumental mason,
To gloss over a world of stone.

or the last line in this stanza:

Come on, the wind is whirling our summer away,
And air grows dizzy with leaves.
It is time to lay up for a winter day,
Conserve earth's infant energy, water's play,
Bind down the sun in sheaves.

or this passage from the letter to W. H. Auden:

But I, who saw the sapling, prophesied
A growth superlative and branches writing
On heaven a new signature. For I
Looked at no garden shrub, chantry of thrushes;
But such a tree as, gripping its rock perch
On a northern fell within the sound of hammers,
Gives shadow to the stonechat and reminder
Of chastity to men: grown venerable
Will give its name to that part of the country.

or, in greater fairness, consider this unmutated poem:

Beauty's end is in sight,
Terminus where all feather joys alight.
Wings that flew lightly
Fold and are iron. We see
The thin end of mortality.

We must a little part,
And sprouting seed crack our cemented heart.
Who would get an heir
Initial loss must bear:
A part of each will be elsewhere.

What life may now decide
Is past the clutch of caution, the range of pride.
Speaking from the snow
The crocus lets me know
That there is life to come, and go.

From these examples can be drawn the most important fact of Mr. Day Lewis's individual verse—its avoidance of the vague and its strict precision in the

use of every word. Mr. Eliot has written well of poets whose word use has the aura of suggestiveness without the bright, hard centre from which suggestiveness should radiate. He has shown the need now for less of the uncentred aura—the weakness of our fag-end Romanticism—and more of that centre with its true, palpable suggestiveness, which is one possession, among many, which distinguishes a Marvell from a Masfield. How Mr. Day Lewis must realize that need is obvious everywhere. His words have their dictionary content. They are hard and unequivocal. If they are a little too bare of suggestiveness (and a combination of the explicit and suggestive makes the most valuable verse), let it be remembered that the tide lies that way. It has been full too long. If it ebbs far out, and leaves the rocks naked and dry, we can do with such new sternness and hard intellect.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

THE FILM TO-DAY

Celluloid. By Paul Rotha. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
Cinema. By C. A. Lejeune. Maclehose. 5s.

OWING to the financial crisis having made itself felt in Hollywood as well as everywhere else, the output of films from that centre has been decreased, but even so the new productions are still numerous. While, however, pictures are many, books about them are few, and the public remains to a great extent uninstructed about the history and progress of its chief source of amusement. Mr. Rotha and Miss Lejeune have stepped into the breach almost simultaneously in an endeavour to orientate the film map, and their books, especially Miss Lejeune's, are invaluable for anyone who wants to attain some understanding of the cinematographic art.

Both these authors are agreed, and I endorse their opinions, that the British have so far achieved nothing of importance, if the work of Mr. Grierson at the Empire Marketing Board is ignored. Miss Lejeune attacks this state of affairs gently, but Mr. Rotha lays about him with a bludgeon, and the truth lies between them. Lack of money is undoubtedly a handicap, but lack of brains is at the root of the matter. 'Warning Shadows' cost no fortune to make, neither did 'The Italian Straw Hat,' to take a couple of examples, and if the British capitalist could see a quarter of the talent which is displayed in these two pictures evident in any British production, he might be induced to put his money down. There are, of course, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Hitchcock, and, in an endeavour to give the British films some sort of position, Miss Lejeune overpraises the former, while Mr. Rotha, perhaps with the same notion, singles out 'Tell England' as one of the eight pictures which have been produced during the last year that deserves a full-length review. In truth, apart from the landing scenes, the bombardment of "V" beach and the *River Clyde* massacre, the picture is not good, and Mr. Asquith's work is in no way comparable to that, let us say, of Dorothy Arzner, Robert Z. Leonard, A. E. Green and many other American directors whose names are not mentioned by either Miss Lejeune or Mr. Rotha.

The British cinema being thus dismissed, Miss Lejeune proceeds to deal with the thirty years of the art's existence on the lines which Carlyle laid down for the true appreciation of history. "History is the essence of innumerable biographies," and Miss Lejeune, by taking in turn the giants of the industry, traces the development of the pictures from their individual records. The American film, for instance, is given impetus by such as Chaplin, Griffith, Sennett and Fairbanks; the European by such as Wiene, Pommer, Clair and Pudovkin. This is an admirable way of treating the subject, because the direction is the

film, and where there are no outstanding directors, as in this country, there can be no film.

Although the talking picture has come since Mr. Rotha's 'Film Till Now,' he has scarcely got enough new matter to warrant his writing another book so soon, but he is always interesting and provocative, two virtues which stimulate even when he is trying to make some of his bricks without straw. As to his cry that there is a shortage of stories, that is so much "boloney." The trouble is that there is a shortage of camera sense. With the passing of the silent film, the camera, except in the hands of directors like Clair, has been allowed to do nothing but photograph words. Naturally in these circumstances dialogue becomes repetitive and jokes redundant, but when the camera is allowed to play its part again, the stories will look after themselves.

MARK FORREST

ADVENTURE AND INVENTION

Flying Dutchman: The Life of Anthony Fokker.
By Anthony H. G. Fokker and Bruce Gould.
Routledge. 12s. 6d.

THERE was a time when the name of Fokker was anathema in this country, for it was the fighting planes of Mr. Fokker's invention that gave Germany her long advantage in the air, for which we and our allies paid so dearly. Needless to say, of course, the inventor had previously offered his invention and services to this country and been turned down, which is a complete answer to those who maintain that Mr. Fokker should not have assisted the Germans. It was he who invented the synchronized gun, which, shooting through the propeller of the plane, played such havoc with the English and French squadrons, and of this invention he tells an arresting story. He was out over the German lines to test this gun himself, when he chased and overtook two French Farman biplanes; he manœuvred into a position that put them at his mercy, and then found that he simply could not shoot. He returned to his base and informed the Commander that he had finished with flying over the front, and Oswald Boelcke was assigned the job.

Mr. Fokker has much to tell us of those years in Germany before and during the war, during which, from being hampered continually for want of money he established his business as one of the outstanding one-man successes of his time. He tells us of the position in Germany as the years passed, of the famous German aces whom he knew personally, of the days of famine and of the final collapse. How he smuggled the material which he had on his hands when the war ceased, out of Germany into Holland under the noses of the Allies, who had specifically mentioned his planes and engines as due for destruction, makes an exciting yarn. But nothing in the way of his later successes can exceed in interest the tales he has to tell of his school-days and early manhood, when he fought hard for a career as an inventor, and time and again wrung money from his relatives after repeated failure had killed their faith. It is a fine story of pluck, and wit, and determination, told happily and rather in a spirit of mischief than in the manner of Samuel Smiles.

"THE TIMES"

The Story of "The Times." By W. D. Bowman. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a dull book about a dull subject. The author seems to have taken *The Times* at its own valuation as a national institution, and so to have become oppressed with the potential importance of his narrative. Mr. Bowman writes of the newspaper as Anson and Dicey wrote of the Consti-

tution, and the result is a work of reference rather than a readable volume. Too much has certainly been made of what is termed the romance of journalism, but the present author has gone to the other extreme, and from the literary point of view the consequences have been disastrous.

The great days of *The Times* were undoubtedly those during which Delane was its editor, and neither before nor since has it exercised such influence. In the heyday of Victorianism it was obviously read, as no paper is to-day, from cover to cover, for specialization had not been developed, and men looked for something more than a mere record of the Stock Exchange prices or athletic activities, and women, if they read at all, had minds above the salacious details of the latest rape or murder. Later on, the coming of the weeklies took away the more serious, and the Popular Press arose to satisfy the craving of the more prurient, so *The Times* lapsed into a mere daily record.

The only really interesting pages of Mr. Bowman's work are those that relate to the Pigott forgeries and to the purchase of the paper by Lord Northcliffe. The former were the result of one of those vendettas that Printing House Square has always delighted to wage, and the latter ushered in a period in which *The Times* became, in the words of Mr. Lloyd George, "the threepenny edition of the *Daily Mail*." In fine, Mr. Bowman shows *The Times* usually to have been on the wrong side in the most important controversies, and so justifies the attitude of the SATURDAY REVIEW, which, in its first number, declared its intention of undermining the influence of its contemporary.

JAMES LINDSAY

AN ARTIST OF SCIENCE

Noguchi. By Gustav Eckstein. Harper. 18s.

THE story of Hideyo Noguchi is the story of an artist whose art was science. Born in 1876, the son of a farmer, he received no more than the customary grammar-school education which was provided for the peasant children in Japan at that time. But his fertile imagination and a passion for research had already asserted themselves while he was yet a boy, and Noguchi was determined upon his course. "He would make himself like Napoleon. Not fight battles. Not kill people. He would be a doctor with the will of a Napoleon. Napoleon slept only three hours a night. Henceforth he will sleep only three hours a night." He never deviated from his ambition. By the time he was twenty he had scraped together money sufficient to enter a medical school at Tokio. He became a doctor and at the same time discarded his kimono and was baptized a Christian—"but only because the church was a good place to learn English." Thence he proceeded to America, staying first at the University of Pennsylvania and then as assistant in the newly organized Rockefeller Institute. There it was that many of his most important discoveries were made—the cultivation of the spirocheta of syphilis and the causes of paresis and locomotor ataxy. Noguchi became famous. European medical congresses hailed him in triumph and he was honoured by the Japanese Government. He made all sorts of friends and married. But, though he appreciated the plaudits, he did not rest. He continued to work "with the will of a Napoleon." In 1918 he set about investigating yellow fever. He followed it to Ecuador, Mexico, Peru, Brazil—wherever yellow fever epidemics occur. In 1927 he pursued his researches into Africa. A year later he himself developed the disease and died.

But this terse summary of Noguchi's career, redolent with achievement as it is, forms but the bare skeleton

of the scientist's life as portrayed by his biographer. Dr. Eckstein shows that his subject possessed many of the characteristics of the artist in his mental and emotional make-up, though his brush was the scalpel. He worked with the artist's intensity and achieved with the artist's imagination. "This Noguchi," he writes, "is no usual human being, a strange phenomenon, passionate, dreaming, bragging. . . . He needs scarce any sleep, and when he does sleep it is like the dead."

It will be seen from the extracts quoted that the writer uses the present tense throughout his book—a method which has its disadvantages even though handled with Dr. Eckstein's skill. But his work is eminently readable and forms a notable and much-needed tribute to a great genius and a martyr of his science.

A FIGUREHEAD?

Hindenburg. By Gerhard Schultze-Pfäelzer. Allan. 21s.

IT is easy to dismiss President von Hindenburg as the simple soldier of Wilhelm become the figurehead of the Republic. "The Great Old Nonentity," "A Glorified Marionette," "An Idealized Cipher" are a few of the sobriquets supplied by political opponents. Our own Duke of Wellington earned less with more reason. But Herr Schultze-Pfäelzer in his pleasantly biased and panoramic portrait (but with only one photograph) exposes for good the figurehead fallacy, and incidentally provides an easy guide to the post-war decade of German politics, which must shortly come to be studied for the origins of the new German nation.

Admittedly, the product of the Prussian military school was no "Charlton," although he is supposed to have modelled his signature on the flowing script of eau de Cologne bottles. His biographer insists almost proudly that he was no genius. A strict sense of duty was his solution for every problem in peace or war, a form of reasoning which proved a new and embarrassing factor in political circles. This sense of duty, which Herr Schultze-Pfäelzer wields as a doughty weapon to defend his hero, has proved as much a handicap as a blessing.

Hindenburg was a soldier: an expert, decisive, if uninspired, soldier. Tannenberg was won by his decision. In Moltke's place he might well have carried the Schlieffen plan to victory. The 1918 March offensive was a piece of organized uninspiration. Yet to the nation he remained the hero of Tannenberg, the leader home of the undefeated army, the soldier unmuddled by the intrigues which caused that excellent writer and soldier, Renn, to throw up his commission. His election to the Presidency compares on a larger scale with the appointment of Lord Byng as Commissioner of Police; with the difference that while Byng was expected by all to clean up London, Hindenburg was to support the Nationalists (his own friends), repudiate the Peace Treaties, restore the Kaiser, etc. etc. Instead, he showed the Nationalists that his friends were the German people, agreed to the confiscation of the Princes' revenues, the colour and other democratic proposals, and backed up Stresemann in the unpopular task of international reconciliation.

In war, Hindenburg had an unhappy trick of minding his business and leaving others to mind everyone's, as a result of which Ludendorff the politician threw away the chances of peace in 1916. It is even suggested that Hindenburg should have defied Falkenhayn and crushed the Russians in 1915. Yet the same strict sense of duty converted the Field-Marshal into the democratic, progressive President. It is his tragedy that political parties have failed to comprehend this simple old man except as hero of Tannenberg and (reactionary) figurehead of a (military) Empire-republic.

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Dinner with James. By Rose Henniker Heaton. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 6s.

DELIGHTFUL for three reasons. Miss Henniker Heaton ascertains that Sunday supper need not be the fearsome thing it generally is; she confirms, what I have always known in my heart to be true, that it is no very dreadful or difficult thing for a woman to be a lover of delicacies and still retain her feminine charm (as a matter of fact in the choosing of gourmand dishes she is often far ahead of him); and, lastly, because she has hidden her menus in a setting of light conversation which is entirely delightful. And a reason for buying the book? It will give you Sunday menus which will send you into a day-dream (I am building on the fact that you, like myself, are at heart a gourmand) and which will make your mouth water until you long to dine with James.

The Autobiography of an Adventurer. By J. T. Trebitsch-Lincoln. Stein. 12s. 6d.

THIS book is added confirmation of the old maxim that "honesty is the best policy"; at any rate, dishonesty does not seem in the long run to have done the late Honourable Member for Darlington much good. On the last page of this work we find him in China not any better off than he was when the story begins in Hungary, and the effect of his autobiography must, one would imagine, be to cause a slump in spying. Lincoln, according to himself, has had a finger in nearly every plot of the last ten years (his account of the Kapp Putsch is particularly good), though it is doubtful if his part was quite so important a one as he would have his readers believe. The book can be thoroughly recommended to those who crave for the sensational, even if more than the proverbial pinch of salt must be taken with the narrative.

A History of Russia. By N. Brian Chaninov. Translated from the French by C. J. Hogarth. Dent. 8s. 6d.

AFTER reading this history of Russia one would like to know why it was necessary to translate such a book. It does not convey any new facts, but is merely a rather short survey of the whole Russian history from the ninth century, written in the usual "popular" style. Only one thing makes this publication worth reviewing at all: and that is its underlying significance. However different one's attitude to the Bolshevik revolution and the new régime in Russia may be, no unbiased observer can agree with the opinion of the author who would like to regard the assassination of the Tsar's family as not only the end of old Russia, but also of all Russian history. He consequently closes his book with the breakdown of the Tsarist state, and absolutely ignores developments since 1918. Being himself obviously displaced by the revolution and being forced to live in exile, it is understandable that he arrives at such conclusions. And yet, all recent literature and other evidence about the Soviet Union proves the fact that most of the government's measures are only too Russian in their essential points and tolerable only by a Russian population. A book which pretends to be a complete history of Russia but does not deal with those last and most significant events is, therefore, of little scientific value.

Jewish Mysticism and the Legends of Baalshem. By Professor Martin Buber. Dent. 6s.

BAALSHEM (Master of the Wonderful Name of God) was the designation given to an eighteenth-century Polish rabbi who was reputed to possess miraculous powers of healing and prophecy. A simple, devout man, he taught by parable a kind of mystical but joyous pantheism which drew an enormous follow-

ing among the Jewish masses. The movement, known as Chassidism, still exists in Eastern Europe, though in a degenerate form. Round the figure of Baalshem clustered an aggregation of legend which has been handed down among the Chassids for generations. These legends were collected and retold in German by Dr. Buber, and some are here given in an excellent English version by Miss Lucy Cohen. They have the artless charm of the true folk-tale, but coloured by a mystical quality which is explained by their origin. Besides the legends, which comprise the bulk of the volume, there is a survey of the doctrines of Chassidism.

From Telegraphy to Television. By Lt.-Col. Chetwode Crawley. Warne. 6s.

IN this book, the writer, who is the Inspector of Wireless Telegraphy for the G.P.O., tells the story of electrical communications in all their branches, showing their history, development, attainments, and future possibilities, from the most primitive form of the telegraph down to the latest experiments in television made by Baird at the Royal Institution. It is an enchanting story, simply and clearly told, in the course of which Colonel Crawley takes the reader behind the scenes in a telegraph office, a telephone exchange, and a cable station, while interesting chapters are devoted to 'Wireless as an Aid to Navigation' and 'Safety of Life at Sea.' The book, which is plentifully illustrated, is free from all technicalities and should prove very popular.

The Archæology of Somerset. By D. P. Dobson. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

IN this volume, the latest addition to the County Archæologies series, Mrs. Dobson deals with the prehistoric finds in Somerset up to the Norman Conquest. As she points out, the county is exceptionally rich in archæological remains, especially of the Palæolithic and early Iron Ages. Interest in the caves at Cheddar is by no means confined to the archæologist, while the lake villages of Glastonbury and Meare, the cave settlements of Wookey Hole and Read's Cavern, and the fortified camp on Worlebury Hill supply an almost complete picture of the life and civilization, and even of the physical types of people living in Somerset in the last two or three centuries before the Christian era. The Roman remains are comparatively poor, apart from the bathing establishments at Bath, but recent excavations at Glastonbury have provided Somerset with some important Saxon antiquities—pottery, ornaments and stone crosses. Mrs. Dobson has done full justice to the material at her disposal, and her book can be recommended as a practical guide-book as well as a trustworthy work of reference.

A History of the Popes. By Fernand Hayward. Translated by the Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. Dent. 12s. 6d.

THE production of a history covering the whole Christian era in 400 pages is an achievement of such magnitude that the reader's first impulse is that of profound admiration. And that he has succeeded in the task proves M. Fernand Hayward to be a master in the art of selection. It is no light matter to essay the history of the Popes from St. Peter to Pius XI, the 258th holder of the Keys. The only criticism one can make is that both style and matter are so concentrated—necessarily, of course—that before one has progressed far, the brain reels before the steady stream of facts. It is like watching an unending film moving inexorably on, carrying one on through the ages: from the Apostles and the Early Fathers, through the persecutions, the Councils, the Crusades, the Renaissance and the Protestant Reformation, down to comparatively modern times with the troubles brought about

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by the French Revolution and finally the last chapter of all—the Lateran Treaty. Figures of romance, such as Charlemagne and Friedrich Barbarossa, saints like St. Francis of Assisi and St. Dominic, St. Catherine of Siena and St. Joan of Arc, mighty conquerors from the Emperor Frederick II to Napoleon, flit across the screen in rapid procession, until the eyes, exhausted, fail to grasp the ever-changing panorama.

For general reading, the book certainly calls for dilution, though as a text-book it is admirable, and should be included in the library of every serious student of ecclesiastical history. Probably the style is less difficult in the original, for the French language seems to combine brevity with clarity in a degree rarely found in any other modern tongue. But emphatically this is a book, not to borrow but to buy, and, even in these economical days, it is worth every penny of its price.

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On the principle that big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite them, you may not find yourself astonished by the completeness of most of these love scenes—extracted as they stand from long novels or plays. Mr. Oliphant has chosen only among those that are complete, without context; and many of them, in themselves, form a perfect short story. If for no other reason this apparently unique anthology is justified, it has at least shown us, easily and interestingly, how to appreciate the skill and work that is entailed on every page of a classic.

It was satisfactory to hear from Mr. Oliphant himself that his selection of love scenes was made from those in novels and plays that had remained most vividly in his own memory. Where he has picked your own favourites, you are pleased—and proud! Where his tastes are blatantly not yours, you may shrug, and remark that it takes all sorts to make—an anthology!

ART NOTES BY ADRIAN BURY

FIVE GALLERIES

MR. CLAUDE FLIGHT is a good colourist, and within the convention he has imposed upon himself, he can amplify his interest in light and movement. The abstract designs now on exhibition at the Redfern Gallery have a pattern value which places them apart from much of the modern art now visible in London. Mr. Flight has a style of his own and in such pictures as 'Low Tide' and 'Surf' he communicates very successfully his emotional reactions to the subject interpreted. The artist, perhaps, would be the last to agree with me that his work depends more on sentiment than on science. When it is most effective it is pure feeling. 'The Coming Storm' appeals only to our senses, as does the rhythmic 'Swing Boats.' When he tries to think

as in the picture entitled 'Across a Cornish Moor,' he loses himself and bewilders the spectator. The result is a jig-saw puzzle without a solution.

THE TOOTH GALLERY

The earnestness which characterizes Mr. Flight's work is lacking among the artists whose exhibition at Arthur Tooth's Gallery is ambitiously called "Recent Developments in British Painting." We see no development here. The pictures are mere echoes of Parisian extravagances. Mr. Ben Nicholson has a mug and playing-card complex, and where these palpitating objects are insufficient to express his magnificent vision, he prints the word Charbon across the scheme. Mr. Edward Wadsworth offers us a neat poster design of two pistols in red and black. There are some pretty abstractions by Mr. John Bigge, carried out in flat tones. Mr. Paul Nash reverts to a certain child-like innocence at great expense of canvas which may amuse him but does not amuse us. The only picture of any intensity in the exhibition is Mr. Edward Burra's 'Coffee,' which is designed and painted with great care, albeit the result is a compromise between the negroid and the robot school.

THE WERTHEIM GALLERY

"Pic" is a natural artist, who exploits a rare gift for composition. He seizes upon essentials and puts them down with spontaneous cleverness. His hand is as quick as his wit, ready at a moment's notice to show us in 'The Lengthening Cat' the effect of the visitant, coming down the chimney, on the child in bed. In 'C'est Paris! C'est Paris!' he automatically keeps up the illusion that the gay city is gay. A painter might spend a month on such a picture as 'Le Tantrum,' showing a girl in a bad temper, and yet not tell us more about this mood than "Pic" does in his adequate blob. He may be influenced here by Rouault, there by Guys, or he may never have seen these artists' work. It is of little moment, since "Pic" knows his limitations and is wise enough not to try to transcend them.

BATSFORD GALLERY

Mr. Charles Voysey, like Puck, has the spirit of youth and humour. Whether he is discussing the merits of an old clay pipe or designing a cocktail bar, he proves that his curiosity and enthusiasm are not dimmed by Anno Domini. It was this spirit that helped to rejuvenate English architecture. Sir Edwin Lutyens in a foreword to Mr. Voysey's exhibition of drawings at the Batsford Gallery pays a timely tribute to the influence of an architect who did much to bring about a renaissance in domestic building. How Mr. Voysey "got away" with some of his beautifully designed houses in the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century can only be explained by his charming but persistent personality. "Hail, then," as Sir Edwin concludes, "to those men among whom Voysey stands who give new kindling in the old flame to warm and cheer conviction in a living future."

THE ALBANY GALLERY

Among many more or less tentative efforts at the exhibition of the Four and Four Group at the Albany Gallery, Mr. Herbert Wilkinson's work is conspicuous for its force and concentration. His preoccupation with form, as seen in his etching of 'The Bent Tree,' gives his painting, 'The Road,' an authoritative accent. Again in 'Blatchington,' he proves that he can handle paint with spontaneous skill and keep his design and atmosphere under control.

Miss Mary Hoad, in her picture entitled 'The River,' can assemble a group of figures in action with a certain sense of the ridiculous. One of the best pictures in the show is Mr. Edgar Ritchard's impression of Annecy. The artist has a distinguished sense of colour contrasts.

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SATURDAY COMPETITIONS

LITERARY—LIII

The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a prize of Two Guineas for the best poem submitted on the subject of Floodlit London. The poems may be in blank, free, or rhymed verse.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. The entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent number.

The closing date of this competition will be Monday, October 26, and the results will be announced in November.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXX

For once it looks as if we had tried our readers too high; there was only one entry for the additional Canto of the Divine Comedy introducing Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler and Newton, and at first glance it seemed that the prizes would have to be withheld for lack of competitors. It is beyond even human power to award a second prize when there is no second entrant; but by good luck Etnad has caught the very spirit and metre of Cary's translation, and even had there been fifty competitors, he would still have been worthy of the first prize. His Canto begins:

While there I stood uncertain, as one waits
In doubt where two roads meeting make a cross,
There being none to guide him, I beheld
Four men draw nigh, if they were men, who seemed
Incarnate intellect, and as they walked
They weighed incarnate matters. . . .

It is most unfortunate that the eternal and intractable limits of space make it impossible to reprint the whole of this admirably conceived and splendidly executed Canto. The only consolation we can offer the author is to award him the First Prize, with our best thanks for the great pleasure he has given us. We suggest that the poem should be printed in the Proceedings of some society specially devoted to the study of Dante.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XLIV

The request for poems built about Burgon's "Rose-red city, half as old as time," met with lavish response. If most competitors failed, as Burgon himself failed, to maintain the beauty of that single line in their verses, they had all been inspired at least to high endeavours. Aries and Alves were the most ambitious, but W. G., Phantra and Calluna, with simpler designs, came nearer to achievement. Samej, Animula Vagula, Seventy-one, Elder, Eheu, William Esdan, and Stubbs are notable among the others who should have derived joy from their endeavours. First prize, however, must go to Odda, in whose last line, at all events, there is the touch of magic which spells indubitable poetry. Minerva (who sent neither name nor address) has second prize for a poem which has the charm of sincerity.

FIRST PRIZE

Alone amid her mountain-crypts of story
Which yet embalm that else-forgotten rhyme
With fragrance of her own unfaded glory,
A rose-red city, half as old as time.

The ageless ages, slowly dispossessing
The titles and the memory of her kings,
Visit these arbours only for caressing
Her lovely presence with their quiet wings.

Eternal youth is hers. Her cloistered towers,
Her rock-ensculptured walls of rosy red
Uplift their loveliness like Mary's flowers,
Proud in the empire of their garden-bed.

Surely of old those soaring turrets flaunted
Bright banners challenging the tropic noon;
Surely to-day her silent streets are haunted
By more than shadows of the tropic noon!

Lovely amid her guardian mountains, teeming
With memories, she lies in calm repose,
A sleeping city, and for ever dreaming
The dreams that shape themselves into the rose.

ODDA

SECOND PRIZE

I saw the graves in Flanders, row on row
Like pallid streets in cities of the past
Under the austere stars, whose little glow
Nor light nor shadow on their silence cast.

Suddenly broke the dawn—and as I dreamed
The sun crept up the sky. His touch sublime
Transformed Death's tragic signs until they seemed
A rose-red city, half as old as time.

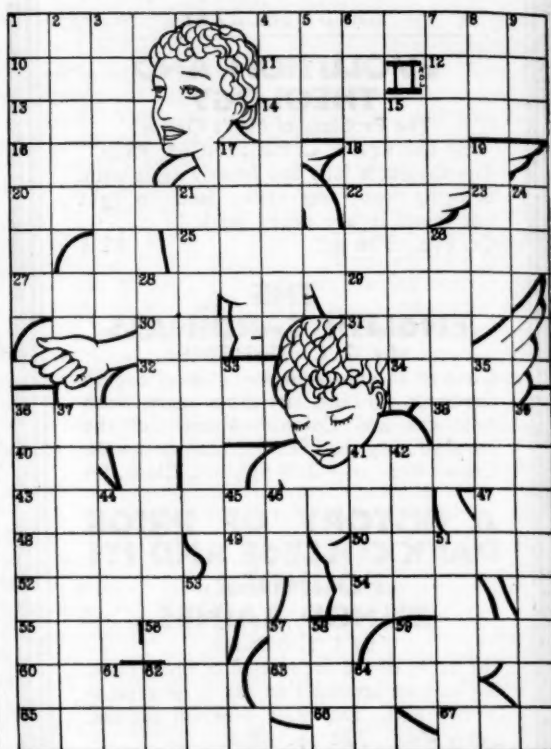
A rose-red city, paved with splendid dust,
A city of the very brave and true,
Whose corner-stones are Honour, Faith and Trust,
Whose glorious streets bear names we loved and knew.

MINERVA

RHYMING CROSS WORD—XII

("GEMINI")

BY AFRIT



Across.

CLUES

1. Athwart men's noses as they sleep goes she.
4. Much wifely counsel gave to Melibee;
(An s you'll use: Some c e choose).
10. Predicament, divided: whole, is gone.
11. The Great has passed: the Little paddles on.
12. This mark's a finial—Indo-Chinese.
13. rev. An unknown bottom hath when Portuguese.
14. Submits to, pokes; consumes (of fish and bait).
16. rev. Fair woman, ending foul, she kept Hell-gate.
17. I'm Pharaoh once, but twice I'm only fair.
18. Is goot to eat, and once a year to wear.
20. Was worth three thousand ducats to the pound.
- 22-23. He tells how young Bo-bo the crackling found.
25. St. Angela Merici bade us teach.
27. Is 30-40, culled from Gallic speech.
29. Throw in or out with dipper, backward shown.
- 30-40. A president, where Hearts of Oak were grown.
31. The stuff they give 'em sometimes on the screen.
32. You *this* your terms till called to bar you've been.
34. Came here—but not to sleep!—a fratricide.
36. Its loss is loss of dirt; the wise deride.
38. Ingredient (of frog) of witches' brew.
40. Is found with 30—found with 20, too.
41. This Macedonian mount served Louis Treize.
43. I brought Earl Derby news—not Dryden's plays;
(Described by Scott; Time: Popish Plot).
- 47-66. This-headed's prison-cropped (No double t).
- 48-49. Long-muzzled crocodile (Adapt Hindi).
50. I'll be a baker's daughter, if I thrive.
52. The Queen's alone should function in the hive.
54. King's Candle was—so folk when showy-dressed.
55. There's nothing here when cease has retrogressed.
- 56-57. On me you're on the track, the bolt shoots home.
59. Seek Heaven and Home, you *this*, but never roam.
60. Maintain, from Old French tax—the word's the same.
63. My tribe to great Red Pipe-stone Quarry came.
65. Since error has no end, he was a sage.
66. Let this with 47 above engage.
67. Tenure of land by service fixed with age.

Down.

1. Her merryman moped mum and sighed in vain.
2. Falls rise two letters short to fall again.
3. His captain never used a big, big D—.
4. An early form of No. 63.
5. I run, but read our . . . reading the wrong way.
6. Our plaintive strings tune many a modern lay.
7. Not difficult, when Spenser's form applies.
- 8-9. The whole quire does, as gossip "tailor" cries.
(Don't use a z; use s instead.)

15. Arthurian battle; endless swallow-stone.
 17. A priest with John; an elder older grown.
 19. Its waterway once held a hostile fleet.
 21. A town (it sounds) which no one wants to eat.
 24. *This good this gold is good this good can be.*
 26. "My patrimony, King, I keep," said he.
 (The Queen then said: "He'll soon be dead!")
 28. In places high, not places dry, I grow.
 33. Egyptian god, before and after O.
 35. In Gurt Jan's day he trooped the Exmoor moss.
 36. A small, grey-coated gnat to I across.
 37. You'll know delight if one does this to you.
 39. Mysterious, recondite, taught to few.
 41. A headless, headed statue eager grows.
 42. With 64 a bench, defeat, oppose.
 44. *This One, this Principle, is headless here.*
 45. Dock nag to make *this* ablative appear.
 46. A ring in 57 reversed displayed.
 51. With onions fried in oil my sauce is made.
 53. Our part is second—milk (metathesis).
 57-58. Is what you say (?) when putts go wrong,
 59. Like this.
 64. See 42.
 62-61. *Race, tongue* (last letter miss).

Envoi

In 47 plus 66.

Is the meanest of mean parenthetical tricks;
 But one-way letters are here in view:
 O SO WOO A REAL ADIEU.

RHYMING CROSS WORD XI

"Taurus" Solution and Notes.

Across: 1, Charterhouse; 10, Her ("She": 'As You Like It,' III, 2); 11, Epelotry; 14, Axes; 16, Matutinal; 20, Tao; 21 (B)ibury, "I bury!" 22, Gorse; 23, T (i)p; 24-37, Pro-sit; 25, Lushy (rev.); 27, Tun, nut; 28, Elaine (Tennyson, lines 4-6); 30, Neilson ('Rob Roy,' XXV); 31-33, Lagophthalmia; 34 (Alb)ino; 36, Learn; 39r, Elmo (mole); 41, Not; 42, Stern; 44, Use; 45, Ox; 46r, Toss; 47, Tambu.

Down: 1, Chattel; 2, Hexapla; 3, Areopagites; 4-40, Epau-let; 5, Retry; 6, Houyhnhnms ('Gulliver's Travels'); 7, (D)olt; 9-8, Er-st, re-st; 11, Embonpoint; 12, Aiguille; 13r, Uxoriously (1 Kings xi, 1-4); 15, Sirion (Ps. xxix, 6); 17, Noll, (k)noll; 18, Artsman; 19, Pennant; 26, Sea; 32, Thou; 29, He (rev.); 38, Its; 40, Let; 43-37, Ro-ss; 45r-35a Bo-hn (Translations).

RESULT OF RHYMING CROSS WORD XI

The winner is Mr. Cyril E. Ford, 5, Farnan Road, Streatham, S.W.16, who has chosen for his prize 'Village Symphony and Other Poems,' by R. Gathorne-Hardy (Collins, 6s.).

ACROSTIC—497

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, October 15)

THUS WE CONSIGN OUR BRETHREN TO THE SOIL
 IN WHICH WE TOO SHALL SLEEP AFTER LIFE'S TOIL.

- Core of what decorates the brave one's breast.
- With her to frolic others deemed it best.
- Enrapture,—don't o'erlook the Roman bird.
- An L, I, E: a euphemistic word.
- See Lawyer Pleydell monarch of the game.
- Three wives at once! O come now, fie, for shame!
- From dry, heat-laden wind detach the knight.
- Lop at both ends her who broke Samson's might.
- My fruit looks nice, yet "one-I-eat" I'm called.
- Behead him: at his crimes we stand appalled.
- Mary, we're starving, do for heaven's sake lay it!
- Sounds much like Pleydell's game, but doctors play it.

Solution of Acrostic No. 495

pl	llo	W	1	Father of Abraham.	
N	ov	El			Gen. xi, 27.
V	i	Ctory	2	"Live not to eat, but eat to live."	
TE	r	Ah ¹		Pitman's Shorthand Primer.	
R	e	Lease	3	The seat of the Lord Chancellor in the	
T	hral	L		House of Lords.	
E	a	T ²	4	"An increase in the expectation of life is	
D	renc	H		worse than useless unless the life so pro-	
B	rowni	E		longed is healthy enough to be enjoyed:	
O	utrageous	S		sickness makes it too often a doubtful	
W	ool-sac	K ³		blessing." Dr. W. G. Willoughby, President	
L	ongevit	Y ⁴		B.M.A., Eastbourne, 1931.	

ACROSTIC No. 495.—The winner is "Martha," Mrs. Fardell, 16 Brechin Place, S.W.7, who has selected as her prize 'Storm-bury,' by Eden Phillpotts, published by Hutchinson, and reviewed in our columns by H. C. Harwood on September 26. Four other competitors chose this book, nineteen named 'Nelson,' nineteen 'Memoirs of an Infantry Officer,' eight 'Marie Louise,' etc. etc.

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CITY

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UNCERTAINTY—political, financial and economic—still bewilders and restrains the Stock Exchange and saps its confidence. Even the drastic remedial measures themselves, necessary as they are, introduce new elements of uncertainty, and there is still doubt as to what further political and financial measures are to be adopted. For those who have faith in the future of this country, there are low-priced investments to be picked up and locked away for ultimate reward. But the faith must be adequate to withstand many troubled months and possibly the galling spectacle of still lower prices before the reward is achieved. These are not conditions conducive to Stock Exchange activity. The restriction of business to cash transactions and the Government regulation of dealing in foreign exchange—indeed, any official interference with the freedom of the markets, however desirable it may be, inevitably hampers trading, and, while designed to prevent movements that might cause panic, may tend, at the same time, to undermine confidence by obscuring the real position.

FLUCTUATIONS INEVITABLE

The immediate effect of the economy "cuts," as of industrial "rationalization," is unfortunately depressing, because they slow down home trade. They are of inestimable benefit in promoting confidence by enabling the Budget to be balanced, but, especially as they have been accompanied by increased taxation, it may be many months before our trade as a whole derives full advantage from the return to sound Government finance. The future course of the stock markets, therefore, is likely to be erratic. We shall probably see periodical rallies as some new measure or some new event, at home or abroad, raises fresh hope, followed by periodical relapses when it is realized that recovery and convalescence must necessarily be slow and that desirable remedies may, for the time, accentuate the depression. The expert speculator, with adequate resources of his own and not dependent on banks or other lenders, may be able to snatch a profit here and there by keeping in close touch with the condition of the markets. This, however, is a precarious, if not hazardous, pursuit for the ordinary investor.

FOREIGN INFLUENCES

That the United States is suffering grave consequences from the crisis is no cause for congratulation. Indeed, it may accentuate Europe's troubles. On the other hand, it may prove a blessing in disguise in impressing upon the American people the folly of a policy of economic isolation. It may prepare the ground for effective international co-operation in remedying the world trade crisis. It should not be forgotten that although we are "off the gold standard" as far as exchange with countries abroad is concerned, our

internal currency is still linked with gold. That is to say, the volume of our paper currency still depends on the amount of gold in the Bank of England. So long as that statutory restriction on inflation exists we are still very much concerned in gold and American, as well as French, co-operation is needed for any immediate measures for the "rationalization" of the world's gold. There are high hopes that results may accrue from personal discussions taking place, or about to take place, in Paris and Washington between highly-placed Government representatives.

BANKER'S GOOD ADVICE

It is not often that the chairmen of our big banks express views as to the outlook for Stock Exchange securities, even at their annual general meetings. It is all the more useful, therefore, to have a definite opinion expressed by Mr. Frederick C. Goodenough, Chairman of Barclays Bank. He has publicly stated that British Government securities are certainly below their proper value in relation to securities of other countries, whose security is not nearly so certain, and it is, therefore, for that reason, an opportunity at the present time for anyone who is in a position to save to make a good investment. Mr. Goodenough stressed the fact that the principal countries were finding that there was no efficient alternative to the London Money Market or to the method of settlement of world debts through sterling payments and receipts. Any such pronouncement from an eminent banker is welcome amid the present lack of confidence.

THE BAROMETER

In so far as British Government securities are a barometer of the country's stability and the measure of confidence shown by investors at home and abroad as to the hopes of this country emerging safely from the present crisis, substantial buying of these securities is likely to have cumulative effect. From the heroic measures already adopted by the National Government to reverse the extravagant Budget policies of the past, the world has already had proof of our determination to put our finances on a sound footing. When this policy of setting aside party considerations—especially party competition in extravagant public assistance—is reinforced by the verdict of the country as a whole at a General Election, world confidence in sterling will be still further increased.

"LOWERING" MEDICINE

For the present the investor must not be discouraged by the failure of current statistics to show an improvement in trade. As I have said, the "cuts" may for a time slow home trade down. Railway traffic returns may, therefore, continue to show decreases. If the £ stabilizes at a substantial discount, stimulating our exports and hampering our imports, then the first effect of an improvement in our trade balance will be shown in the monthly Board of Trade figures, which refer, of course, to our overseas trade. Even this trade barometer, however, is not likely to be quickly affected. In this respect, as in others, we must be satisfied that we are taking our medicine without flinching and that, far from producing an immediate recovery, the medicine may, for the time being, have a "lowering" effect. For some time to come we shall have to face companies' reports that show either losses or, at any rate, severe declines in profits, and investors will have to suffer dividend "cuts." But economy is bound in the long run to bear fruit, and those who have bought the best industrial ordinary shares at the low prices at which many of them now stand will have their reward.

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